AN ORIGINAL SCREENPLAY BY DAVID SIMKINS
DIRECTED BY CHRIS COLUMBUS

NOVEMBER 6, 1986

FADE IN:

1 INT. CHRIS PARKER'S BEDROOM - DAY 1

It's a suburban girl's room replete with the sentimental debris of youth as well as an industrial strength tape player putting out, at full volume, the Crystal's classic, "Then He Kissed Me".

CHRIS PARKER, 17, brings her head up fast into the frame. She studies herself in her vanity mirror. Her wavy blond hair arcs back and settles on her shoulders. She's wearing a bathrobe. Chris looks stunning, especially when she smiles. Like right now singing along with the tape deck.

She tosses her brush to the vanity and hurries to the closet pulling out a beautiful dress and holding it up in front of her.

The bathrobe sails through the air, quick flashes of the dress going on, being zipped up the back.

Spinning, Chris snares a picture of MIKE TODDWELL, 21, from the corner of the mirror. Mike, a handsome guy, smiles a killer smile. Chris sings and dances then drops down to find a pair of shoes in the closet.

Shoes on, she falls back on the bed.

2 EXT. THE PARKER HOUSE - DAY 2

It's a two story suburban home in a nice suburb of Chicago. A station wagon is parked in the driveway. The peace is broken by the sound of a POWERFUL MOTOR and suddenly a red Pontiac Firebird is RACING down the street and pulling into the Parker driveway.

The Firebird's license plate reads: SO COOL.

2A INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY 2A*

Chris sings. This girl is happy. The doorbell RINGS. Chris flies off the bed, turns off the tape player, and checks herself in the mirror.

CHRIS
This is going to be the greatest night of my life.

3 INT. THE PARKER FOYER - DAY 3

Chris runs down the steps and hurries to the door. She opens it quickly. There's Mike. In his jeans and a sweatshirt.

CHRIS
(shocked)
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

MIKE
Hi, Chris.

CHRIS
(looking at his jeans)
I'm really over dressed.

MIKE
No... No... It's just... I have to cancel.

CHRIS
(shocked)
But it's our Anniversary.

MIKE *
I know... I'm really sorry... My little sister got sick and my folks are going out tonight.

CHRIS *
You have to stay home?

MIKE *

She's got the flu or something. It's pretty bad. I was gonna call you--
(holding up a small drugstore bag)
--but I had to get this for her... so I thought I'd drop by.

CHRIS *
I can come over there, help out--
(a smile)
--we could make chicken soup or something.

MIKE
No, you don't wanna be there. * It's contagious. And my Mom doesn't want anybody in the house.

CHRIS *
(disappointed)
Tell your sister I hope she feels better.

3 CONTINUED: (2) 3

MIKE
(charming)
Sure. We'll do the French restaurant thing next week.

CHRIS
Oh... Okay... When?

MIKE *
Not sure. Friday or Saturday. Look, I gotta go... mys siter's waiting.
(a pause)
You're not upset about tonight are you?

CHRIS
(a smile)
No... Well, yeah. But I * understand.

MIKE
(killer smile)
Girls like you come along once in a lifetime.

She moves to kiss him. He waves her away. *

MIKE *
Contagious. *

She nods. Mike backs out the door and walks off down the drive. *

Chris stands there, beautiful and stunned. *

3A INT. CHRIS' BEDROOM - DAY 3A

BRENDA PIDGJOCKI, 17, a little overweight and wearing thick glasses paces Chris' room. She's Chris' best friend and almost as upset as Chris is. *

BRENDA *
Contagious?!

CHRIS
That's what he said.

Chris sits on her bed in the debris of her dately preparations: new clothes' boxes, discarded outfits, curlers, and make-up. *

BRENDA
He's lying.

CHRIS
Brenda! Mike wouldn't lie on an anniversary.

(CONTINUED)

3A CONTINUED: (3) 3A

BRENDA
Anniversary of what, Pearl Harbor?

CHRIS
Since we've been going out. Three months and four days--

BRENDA
(sarcastic)
--two hours, and three minutes. God, why are you making such a big deal about him?

CHRIS
'Cause he's the best thing that's ever happened to me.

BRENDA
He's the only thing that's ever happened to you. That's why we have to get out of Oak Brook and go to college.

CHRIS
You sound just like my Mom.

A phone RINGS somewhere in the house. *

BRENDA
Probably my step-mom checking up on me. She's driving me nuts. One of these days I'm gonna spike her Tab with Drano.

CHRIS
I thought she was getting nicer.

BRENDA
Only when Dad's around.

Chris' bedroom door opens. MRS. PARKER, Chris Mom, steps in.

MRS. PARKER
Hi, Brenda.

BRENDA
Hi.

(CONTINUED)

3A CONTINUED (4) 3A

MRS. PARKER
Chris, Mrs. Anderson is on the phone. She wants to know if you can babysit for her tonight.

CHRIS
No, tell her I can't.

MRS. PARKER
Why not?

CHRIS
Because I want to say home and be depressed.

BRENDA
Sit for Andersons', that'll depress anyone.

MRS. PARKER
Why don't you go. You could use the money. Take your mind off things. Work on those college applications.

CHRIS
(irritated look on "applications")
What if Mike calls?

MRS. PARKER
I'll tell him you're at the Andersons'.

CHRIS
I'm too old to babysit.

3B EXT. A SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 3B*

Nice homes, warm in the winter chill. Suddenly the Parker Station Wagon WHIPS PAST THE CAMERA and the OPENING MUSIC KICKS IN.

The title appears, wiped on by the passing station wagon.

ADVENTURES IN BABYSITTING

OPENING CREDITS BEGIN.

3C INT. THE STATION WAGON - TRAVELLING - DAY 3C*

Chris drives, dressed in jeans, a sweater and a warm coat. Piled on the seat beside her is her purse and a stack of magazines: Cosmo, Glamour, and Seventeen.

4 INT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE ON a pot of boiling macaroni threatening to overflow onto the stove. A small TV set on the counter puts out an old horror movie, Gorgo.

PULLING BACK reveals the upscale suburban kitchen and

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: 4

BRAD ANDERSON, 14, glued to the set completely oblivious to the macaroni boiling over in the pot behind him. Until it spills into the burner with a HISS. Brad turns and frantically blows across the foaming pot, flapping his hands wildly over it. He lifts the pot from the stove.

SARAH ANDERSON, 9, blasts through the kitchen door from the garage, and SKATES into the kitchen.

Sarah wears a grey, plastic WINGED HELMET on her head. Her long strawberry blonde hair flies above a RED VINYL CAPE flapping behind her. Over her black sweatshirt she wears a METAL-GREY PLASTIC BREASTPLATE. A large plastic sledgehammer is jammed into the belt loop on her jeans. Slung over one shoulder is a full Gremlins backpack.

She cranks the TV dial to a "Thor" cartoon.

BRAD
Change it back!

Sarah ignores him and pulls a large sketch pad and a box of paints from her backpack. Both have a large address label on them with an "If Lost Please Return To:" message and Sarah's address.

Brad's a lanky kid rushing out of pre-adolescence and into puberty like a stallion escaping a burning barn. Sarah's barn is vacant; her interests lie far from equestrian pursuits most girls her age seem content with. Sarah's got a thing for heroes.

SARAH
Guess what, Brad.

Brad glances at the skates on her feet. Address labels on the heels.

BRAD
(moving the pot to the counter)
Mom's gonna kill you if she catches you wearing skates in the house.

SARAH
Mom's gotta catch me first. Guess what?

The spaghetti strainer sits on the counter. Brad, trembling with the weight of the pot of macaroni, prepares to dump the stuff into the strainer.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: (2) 4

BRAD
I don't care, wing-head. Change the TV back!

SARAH
You left the strainer on the counter.

Said just as he dumps the heap into the strainer. Hot water hits the counter.

BRAD
AW, MAN!

Sarah ducks, shielding her sketch pad. Brad drops the pot, jumps back, the strainer tips over and noodles slide across the counter. Brad turns to burn a hard look into Sarah. She's skating out of the kitchen and into the family room looking over her shoulder at him.

SARAH
(sly)
But that's not the news. Mom got Chris to babysit for me. *

Brad stiffens, hesitates, almost smiles, and tears out of the kitchen. Sarah grins.

5 THE FAMILY ROOM 5

Brad runs through here and vaults up the stairs. Sarah follows him, laughing a little, stopping at the stairs to unlace her skates.

6 INT. BRAD'S ROOM - DAY 6

Brad rushes in, stumbles through his dirty clothes piled on the floor, and dives across his bureau dresser to look into the mirror.

His suspicions are confirmed. He has a zit on his chin.

BRAD
Oh, God.

He freaks. He opens his dresser drawers, frantically looking for something.

7 EXT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - DAY 7 *

A very expensive, elegant, suburban home. Chris's station wagon pulls into the driveway. Chris gets out. She carries her saddlebag purse and the magazines.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: 7

Chris walks to the front door and knocks. MRS. ANDERSON, a woman in her early forties, answers the door. She's zipping up the back of her black evening gown. She smiles seeing Chris.

MRS. ANDERSON
Hi, Chris. Sorry for the short notice. Thanks a million for this.

CHRIS
(half-hearted)
No problem. Glad I could help out.

Mrs. Anderson smiles. Chris enters the house.

8 *INT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - DAY* 8

Chris enters with Mrs. Anderson.

MRS. ANDERSON
(closing the door)
Wait right here. I've got a list for you.

Chris nods wishing she were somewhere else. Mrs. Anderson exits hustling up the stairs.

9 *INT. SARAH'S ROOM - DAY* 9

The perfect child's room. Filled with stuffed animals and toys.

Sarah, still wearing her winged helmet and cape, is sprawled on the floor. She is painting a picture of her favorite cartoon hero: THOR, GOD OF THUNDER.

We see that the walls are covered with many of Sarah's drawings, all pictures of Thor, who not unlike Sarah, is adorned in a Viking helmet and cape. Thor is a muscular fellow who carries an enormous steel HAMMER as a weapon similar to Sarah's giant plastic hammer.

Tubes of Sarah's paints are spread on the floor in front of her. A wrinkled tube of CLEARISIL sits among them.

Brad BURSTS through the door.

BRAD
Sarah, did you take my Clearisil again?!

SARAH
(nods, holds the wrinkled tube)
I ran out of brown.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 9

BRAD
(taking the tube, finding it empty)
Great. How'm I s'posed to cover up my zits?

SARAH
(offering Brad another tube)
Want some orange?

BRAD
I can't use paint!

SARAH
(holds up Thor painting)
Whattayou think? I figure it's my best one yet.

BRAD
You wasted my Clearisil on another picture of Thor?

SARAH
Thor's my hero.

BRAD
Thor's a homo.

SARAH
He is not!

Brad storms out of the room, Sarah follows.

SARAH
Take it back, Brad!

10 INT. THE STAIRCASE - DAY 10

The staircase leads to the front hallway, where Chris stands. Brad moves toward the staircase walking backwards, goading Sarah. Sarah follows, angry.

SARAH
Take back what you said about Thor!

Brad backs down the steps. He doesn't see Chris in the hallway. Sarah follows... and sees Chris down below watching them somberly.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: 10

SARAH
If you don't take it back I'll tell Chris about all those love poems you write about her.

BRAD
You better keep your mouth shut.

SARAH
Chris'd love to hear how you draw her name in hearts all over the walls at school...

BRAD
(wising up)
Okay. Okay. I take it back. Thor's not a homo.

SARAH
Thank you.
(sly smile, looks to Chris below)
Hi, Chris.

Brad turns, and sees Chris who has overheard the entire exchange. Brad almost faints and drops the skate. It clunks to the floor to land at Chris's feet.

With a giggle, Sarah dashes past Brad, downstairs, into the family room and off into the kitchen.

Brad is left alone with Chris, who raises an eyebrow at him.

CHRIS
So it's you.

BRAD
(fumbling, nervous)
Me? Who me? What?

Chris eyes him.

CHRIS
Nevermind.

Chris starts to unbutton her coat. Brad rushes down to help her, a bumbling gentleman, is captivated by her beauty.

BRAD
Man, you look great. I mean... really... your hair... your eyes.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2) 10

CHRIS
What about them?

BRAD
(floundering)
They're so... so... well placed.

CHRIS
Brad. Relax.

Brad nods, swallows, and reaches for the coat.

BRAD
Lemme give you a hand. *
(snaring the coat)
Terrific coat. That's not from
Sears, no way, uh-uh, too cool.

CHRIS
It was my Grampa's. *

BRAD
He has great taste. *

CHRIS
He's dead. *

BRAD
I'm sorry.

Chris snatches her coat out of his sweaty grip. *

Suddenly Mrs. and MR. ANDERSON are hustling down the stairs carrying overcoats. Mr. Anderson wears a black tux and looks dashing. Mrs. Anderson has her list.

MR. ANDERSON
Hi, Chris.

CHRIS
Hi, Mr. Anderson.

MRS. ANDERSON
Come in to the kitchen.

The Andersons hurry into the kitchen, Chris and Brad following.

11 INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY 11

Sarah's piled Fruit Loops cereal into a giant bowl and eats while watching cartoons. The macaroni mess is * everywhere.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

Mrs. Anderson rounds the corner with Mr. Anderson. Both of them stop stunned seeing the mess.

SARAH
(eyes on the TV)
Brad did it.

Brad and Chris step in behind the Andersons.

MRS. ANDERSON
Brad, clean this up!

BRAD
(*sheepish*)
I will.

Mrs. Anderson hands her list to Chris.

MRS. ANDERSON
Here's the list... If you need to reach us we're at the reception at the Associates Building... Number's by the phone.

Chris NODS.

MRS. ANDERSON
And make sure Sarah doesn't wear her skates in the house.

MR. ANDERSON
Sarah, Chris is in charge now, okay?

SARAH
Sure. Can we go to Haagen-Dazs?

MRS. ANDERSON
Sure. Just don't go after eight o'clock.
(back to Chris)
Brad's spending the night at a friend's so you don't have to worry about him.

Chris tosses a thankful glance in his direction. Brad nods a puny nod reaching for a Snickers CANDY BAR on the counter.

MR. ANDERSON
We really gotta go, hon.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 11

MRS. ANDERSON
(back to Chris)
Okay, now Sarah's just over the flu.

SARAH
It's been almost two weeks.

MRS. ANDERSON
(pointing to list)
Give her aspirin. In an hour and once before bed.

CHRIS
(pockets the aspirin bottle)
'Kay.

Brad starst to unwrap the Snickers.

MRS. ANDERSON
Brad, no chocolate. Your acne.

BRAD
(dropping the candy, embarrassed)
Mom, geez.

SARAH
Can I stay up till midnight?

MRS. ANDERSON
Nine o'clock.

SARAH
Eleven.

MRS. ANDERSON
Ten.

SARAH
Ten-thirty.

MR. ANDERSON
Sold to the Viking. We gotta go.

MRS. ANDERSON
No later. That's it. And no TV after ten.

SARAH
'Creeping Terror' is on tonight. Dad said I could watch it.

MRS. ANDERSON
You can watch it.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2) 11

MR. ANDERSON
Let's go, honey. *

Mr. Anderson hustles Mrs. Anderson into the garage and they get into their Cadillac Seville. Brad, Chris and Sarah stand in the doorway.

MR. ANDERSON
You guys behave now.

BRAD
We will.

MRS. ANDERSON
We should be home by one.
(to Chris)
Take good care of my baby. *

CHRIS
I'll guard her with my life. *

Mrs. Anderson SMILES and waves goodbye as the car backs down the driveway. Brad, Chris and Sarah wave. Brad hits the button closing the garage door.

OPENING CREDITS END *

Chris is all business.

CHRIS
Clean this up, Brad.

BRAD
Yep, okay.

There's a frantic coded KNOCK on the back door. Brad and Chris look at each other. Sarah eats her cereal in front of the TV.

BRAD
I'll get it.

Brad hurries from the kitchen to the back hall.

12 INT. THE BACK HALL - DAY 12

Brad opens the door to DARYL COOPERSMITH, 14.

He's the palest redhead on earth. His short cropped hair is BRIGHT ORANGE. He wears an oversized digital wrist-watch. He struggles to get inside, Brad practically rhumbas with him trying to keep him out.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

DARYL
You spending the night at my place or what? *

BRAD
(shoving him back) *
No, not anymore.

DARYL
Chris is here, isn't she. *

BRAD
No. *

DARYL
Yes, she is. I saw her go in. *
That's why I'm sleeping here tonight.

BRAD
Forget it! *

DARYL
Did you get her clothes off yet?

BRAD
Don't be crude. Get back.

DARYL
Listen to you. You fall in love and suddenly you're a classy guy.

BRAD
(furtive whisper)
I have not fallen --

DARYL
What's she wearing?

BRAD
Clothes, now get out.

DARYL
Wait! You gotta sees this month's Playboy. There's a girl in there who looks just like her!

Brad shoves Daryl back and SLAMS the back door locking it.

13 INT. THE FAMILY ROOM 13

Chris turns on the TV to MTV. Sarah snoops in Chris's purse and finds -- *

13 CONTINUED: 13

SARAH'S POV: Four different applications. Northwestern. University of Michigan. UCLA. Columbia. *

Sarah examines them. *

Brad enters.

CHRIS
Who was at the door?

BRAD
Stray dog.

CHRIS
What?

SARAH
Are you going to college?

CHRIS
(to Sarah)
Huh?...
(under her breath)
Thanks, Mom.

BRAD
(sees applications, suddenly panicked)
You're going to college?!... *

CHRIS
No.

BRAD
(mutters to himself)
Thank God.

SARAH
(to Brad)
Calm down.

The PHONE RINGS on the table near the TV. Chris goes to it. *

CHRIS *
It's probably Mike.

MIKE
(under his breath) *
Mike?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2) 13

CHRIS
(snapping up the phone)
Hello?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
Will you accept a collect call from Brenda?

CHRIS
What?... Yeah. Sure.

14 INT. GREYHOUND BUS TERMINAL - DAY 14

CLOSE ON Brenda. Scared. She's in tears, standing in a phone booth. She grips the phone like it's a safety line. TRAVELERS surge around her.

BRENDA
(sniffling)
Chris?

Brenda looks down. At her feet, are a pair of bedroom slippers, a bottle of Aqua Velva, a toothbrush and a can of Arid deodorant.

15 INT. ANDERSONS' FAMILY ROOM - DAY 15

Chris is on the phone. Brad sees Daryl peeking through one of the family room windows. Brad shoots forward and closes the blinds. Sarah rummages through Chris's purse, examining her makeup case.

CHRIS
(listening hard)
Brenda?

INTERCUT THE PHONE CALL.

BRENDA
Chris?

CHRIS
What's wrong?

BRENDA
Chris, I'm in trouble.

CHRIS
You're always in trouble.

BRENDA
(sobbing)
No. I'm really in trouble. I did it.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 15

CHRIS
(gasps)
You spiked her Tab with Drano?!

BRENDA
(sobbing)
No, I ran away from home.

CHRIS
You what?! Where are you?!

BRENDA
The bus station. Downtown.

CHRIS
Brenda, don't go anywhere.

An OLD MAN in ratty, tattered clothes, PECKS at the phone-booth glass with nicotine-stained nails.

BRENDA
I can't. I don't have any money.
I spent it all on the cab here.

Suddenly, Daryl's head POPS UP in another window. Brad again closes the blinds. Sarah continues to investigate Chris's purse. She unscrews Chris's lipstick. Chris snatches the lipstick away from Sarah.

BRENDA
Chris. I need help.

CHRIS
Yeah... you do.

The Old Man raps harder on the glass.

BRENDA
If I take a cab to the Andersons'
can you pay for it?

CHRIS
That's gonna be like over fifty
dollars! I don't have fifty
dollars!

BRENDA
Can you pick me up?

CHRIS
Brenda! I'm babysitting!

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: (2) 15

BRENDA
I can't call anybody else. My Dad doesn't know. He'd kill me if he found out.

OLD MAN
(banging the glass)
Get outta my house!

BRENDA
I'm begging you. It's really scary here. I've seen three people shoot up, a bald Chinese lady with no pants, and there's an old guy outside who wants his bedroom slippers!

OLD MAN
You're in my house!

Brenda opens the phone-booth door and KICKS OUT the old guy's stuff.

BRENDA
You just moved.

She SLAMS the door. The Old Man wanders, picking up his stuff.

BRENDA
Chris, please, hurry up and get here.

CHRIS
(wavering)
Look, Brenda, I've got my Mom's car. I can't drive it into the city.

Brenda sees a SCARY-LOOKING GUY with a gun jammed in his pants.

BRENDA
(trembling)
There's a man with a gun! Get me the hell outta here!

CHRIS
(completely wavered)
Hang up and sit down! Do not move! I'll be there in half an hour!

BRENDA
Hurry! I think he's gonna kill somebody! Maybe me!

Brenda HANGS UP.

16 INT. ANDERSON FAMILY ROOM - DAY 16

Chris WHAMS down the phone.

CHRIS
I don't believe this. I do not.

BRAD
Who's Mike? He your boyfriend?

CHRIS
Yes. Listen, guys. I gotta go downtown. Brad, can you watch Sarah? *

SARAH
No way. What if the house explodes?

CHRIS
The house is not going to explode.

SARAH
You leave Brad here and it will.

CHRIS
I'll be gone an hour, there and back, that's it --

BRAD
You guys go steady or what? *

CHRIS
What? *

BRAD
Do you?

CHRIS
Yes. Are you two listening to me?

SARAH
My Mom's paying you good money to watch me.

CHRIS *
Brad can watch you.

SARAH *
Why would my Mom pay you good money to have Brad watch me?

CHRIS *
Sarah.

SARAH *
So why can't we all just go?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 16

CHRIS
(a plea: don't do this)
Because... *

BRAD
Do you like him a lot? *

CHRIS
No. Yes. *

BRAD
Which is it? *

CHRIS
Yes, I like him. No, Sarah. Your parents'll shit if they found out I took you into the city. *

SARAH
They'll shit if they find out you left me with him. *

CHRIS
Watch your mouth. Who's gonna tell them? *

Brad and Sarah look at each other, then back to Chris. They shrug. Chris sighs. She has no choice.

CHRIS
Anybody have to go to the bathroom?

BRAD AND SARAH
(grinning)
Nope.

17 EXT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - DAY 17

Brad and Sarah, bundled for the cold, run out the front door for the station wagon. Sarah's got her SKATES around her neck and her Gremlins BACKPACK strapped on above her Thor cape. Her winged helmet is on her head, her mighty plastic hammer is attached to her belt. Chris, wearing her jacket, hurries out of the house behind them. She SLAMS the front door and ushers the kids toward the car in the drive.

CHRIS
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

18 INT./EXT. THE STATION WAGON - DAY 18 *

Chris gets in behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: 18

Sarah climbs in the passenger seat stuffing her skates into the backpack. Brad gets in the back seat.

CHRIS
If anybody asks, we went for ice cream.

DARYL'S GRINNING HEAD pops up outside Chris's window.

DARYL
Road trip?

CHRIS
JESUS!

Brad covers his face with his hands.

DARYL
Where you going?

SARAH
Downtown.

CHRIS
Sarah.

DARYL
Zippy. Can I go?

BRAD
No, Daryl. Go home.

CHRIS
Who is this kid?

SARAH
Stray dog.

DARYL
Daryl Coopersmith. You're Chris Parker, right?

BRAD
Daryl, go home.

DARYL
(focused on Chris)
You must be a great babysitter.

CHRIS
What is he talking about?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2) 18

DARYL
I mean, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson must really trust you, to take Brad and Sarah into the city...
(a weighted pause)
... Alone.

SARAH
Isn't it great?

DARYL
(backing away from car)
So great that I'm gonna get my Mom --

BRAD
Stop him.

DARYL
-- to talk to Mrs. Anderson about you --

BRAD
Chris, stop him.

DARYL
-- and maybe you can babysit for me --

BRAD
Chris!

DARYL
-- and maybe we could drive to New York, just for kicks.

CHRIS
Daryl!

DARYL
(spins back)
You think?

CHRIS
Whattayou want?

DARYL
For you to open the door.

CHRIS
No way.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (3) 18

DARYL
(walking off)
See ya.

CHRIS
(to Brad)
What do we do?!

SARAH
Run him over.

BRAD
Open the door.

CHRIS
(she has no choice)
Daryl!

DARYL
Sorry. Can't talk. Gotta run.

CHRIS
Get in the car.

DARYL
Alright!

Daryl climbs in the back seat. Brad glares at him. Sarah stares at him, awestruck having witnessed a master's work.

DARYL
(winking at Sarah)
Cool threads, Sarah.

CHRIS
(a mandate)
You guys give me any grief over the next sixty minutes and I'll end your lives. End 'em. Finito. Big Finish. We all clear?

Lots of nods. Chris starts the car and drops it into gear.

CHRIS
I'm too old for this crap.

THE SOUL SURVIVOR'S "EXPRESSWAY TO YOUR HEART" FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK.

19 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - DUSK 19

The station wagon cruises smoothly along in the middle lane. The headlights switch on. Traffic flows quickly past.

20 INT. THE STATION WAGON - TRAVELING 20

Chris is in a surly mood. The Soul Survivor's song echoes from the radio. Sarah sits staring at Chris caught up in the story she's been coerced into telling. Brad and Daryl aren't paying attention.

CHRIS
... So the babysitter goes upstairs and the sound keeps getting louder. 'Scrape... scrape ... scrape.' The babysitter stops at the kids' room...

In the back seat, Daryl nudges Brad. Chris and Sarah do not see what he's up to. Daryl, grinning like an idiot, pulls the latest issue of Playboy out of the back of his pants.

Brad reacts with a violent "Put that away!" look.

CHRIS
... Slowly, she pushes the door... it creaks open... *

Darly flips open the Playboy to the centerfold. The girl does bear an amazing resemblance to Chris. Brad is shocked.

CHRIS
And the kids are safely in their beds. *

DARYL
(under his breath)
I'd like to be safe in her bed. *

Chris notes the boys.

CHRIS
What are you guys doing back there?

Quick as a guilty flash, Brad grabs the Playboy magazine and pitches it out the open back window.

BRAD
Nothing.

Chris nods, pegging the boys with rearview mirror stare.

Daryl hisses at Brad.

DARYL
That was my Dad's, stupid.

BRAD
Shouldn't have brought it, stupid.

(CONTINUED)

20 *CONTINUED:* 20

CHRIS
You guys want me to finish this or not?

SARAH
Yeah!

Brad and Daryl listen in.

CHRIS
But when the babysitter looks more closely at the kids... she sees that... they don't have any faces!

SARAH
Oh, my God.

CHRIS
It's just a pool of mushy goo.

SARAH
Like Spaghetti-O's?

CHRIS
Spagetti-O's with meat. The babysitter screams and turns to run... But there's this big giant hairy guy standing in front of her ... He raises his right arm and there's this big metal hook instead of a hand... and he moves the hook to the babysitter's face!
(loudly)
SCRAPE! SCRAPE! SCRAPE!

Brad grabs Sarah's face and Sarah SCREAMS IN JOYOUS TERROR. Chris cringes, suddenly sorry.

DARYL
(sarcastic)
Brad, hold me! I'm so scared!

SARAH
Tell another one!

BRAD
(pointing out the windshield)
Look!

21 THE KIDS' POV: CHICAGO. The city is brilliantly lit by the setting sun. It sparkles against the magic hour sky. 21

22 INT. THE STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - DUSK 22

Sarah stares in awe at the view before her. Chris drives unimpressed.

SARAH
That's where Thor lives.

CHRIS
Thor?

SARAH
Well, all the superheroes live in the city. Spiderman. Daredevil. Captain America. But Thor's the best. He fights the Forces of Darkness.
(eyes on the city)
Forces of Darkness, beware...

23 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - DUSK TO NIGHT 23

IN LONG SHOT the station wagon moves down the expressway leaving the darkening sky in the west and moving into the blackening city of Chicago in the east...

24 INT. THE STATION WAGON - THE EXPRESSWAY - TRAVELING - NIGHT 24

The kids are quiet. Brad's eyes are narrowed at Chris, thinking...

BRAD
Mike what?

CHRIS
Mike what what?

DARYL
Mike what what what? What are we talkin' about?

BRAD
What's his last name?

CHRIS
Toddwell. You writing a book? *

DARYL
Mike Toddwell? You know him? *

BRAD
They go out.

DARYL
He's got a Firebird, right?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 24

CHRIS
Yeah... What, are you a gearhead and a sex fiend? *

Daryl and Brad exchange a caught and trapped look. Chris saw the Playboy.

CHRIS
(changing the subject)
A lotta people have Firebirds.

DARYL
Yeah, but do a lotta people have the license plate... SO COOL? *

CHRIS
That's Mike.

DARYL
He's the guy who beat me up last summer for touching his car. Which I didn't do.

BRAD
That was him?

CHRIS
Mike wouldn't do that?

DARYL
He would. He kicked my ass. Wanna see the footprint?

BRAD AND CHRIS *
No!

There is a LOUD BANG! The right front tire is BLOWN. The car LURCHES wildly.

DARYL
Alright!

CHRIS
No. Oh, no.

25 EXT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 25

The tire is BLASTED FLAT. Quickly SHREDDING to pieces.

26 INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - NIGHT 26

Chris grips the wheel in PANIC. The car BUCKS. SWERVES. BOUNCES.

26 CONTINUED: 26

BRAD
We've got a flat! Pull over!

SARAH
(excited)
This is great!

BRAD
To the right. Go to the right..

Chris valiantly pulls herself together and SPINS the wheel to the right.

27 EXT. STATION WAGON - EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 27

The car thumps off the expressway onto the emergency shoulder. The shredded tire slaps the pavement as the car slows to a stop. Traffic FLASHES past.

28 INT. THE STATION WAGON - NIGHT 28

Chris sits in stunned silence. Sarah and Daryl exchange an adventurous wiggle of their eyebrows. Brad is worried.

29 EXT. THE STATION WAGON - A FEW MINUTES LATER - NIGHT 29

The tailgate is down. The carpet is pulled up to reveal the well for the spare tire. There is NO TIRE.

CAMERA PANS UP to Chris, Brad, Sarah and Daryl standing at the back of the station wagon. Chris holds a FLASH-LIGHT in front of her. They stare DUMBLY at the empty tire chamber.

BRAD
Where is it?

CHRIS
I don't know.

DARYL
Maybe it's on the car.

Chris drops a look on him.

DARYL
You think?

Chris shudders the stupidity of the moment from her system and takes charge of the situation.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: 29

CHRIS
Okay.... We're gonna have to flag somebody down and go buy a tire ... I've got my checkbook...
(paling)
My purse!

She runs to hurl open the driver's door. She leaps inside. Searching.

CHRIS
Oh, shit! My purse! I forgot my purse! I don't have any money! I don't have my license!

DARYL
Did you forget your purse?

CHRIS
Yes, you little asshole.

DARYL
(really digging this)
She's great.

BRAD
(reaching into his pocket)
I have some money.

CHRIS
What, fifty cents? You don't have any money! You're a kid, for Christ's sake!

DARYL
She's right. Don't be stupid.

BRAD
(pushing him toward traffic)
Go take a walk over there, would you?

Suddenly, the kids are BATHED IN BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT.

Squinting, the kids look down the shoulder behind the station wagon.

KIDS' POV: Countless bright lights on some huge, INDISTINCT VEHICLE rumbles toward them. The lights BLIND the kids.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (2) 29

CHRIS
What's he doing?

DARYL
He's gonna run us over, isn't it obvious?

The vehicle stops. The vehicle just SITS there. For a MOMENT.

The driver's door suddenly WHAMS OPEN! The kids JUMP BACK.

An ENORMOUS, HULKING SILHOUETTE, well over six feet tall, lumbers toward them.

Daryl scrambles BEHIND Chris. Brad stands FIRM beside her. Sarah SNAPS up her hammer. There's another address label on its handle.

SARAH
Everyone stay behind me.

Chris half-nelson's Sarah to her side.

Chris NERVOUSLY shines the flashlight onto the silhouette's face.

It's PRUITT. He's a long-haired giant with a BLACK, SHAGGY BEARD that nearly covers his entire face. Deep BROWN EYES eyes glint from deep in his skull. His grease-blackened nametag is almost unreadable. He is wearing DIRTY, TATTERED DENIMS and WORK BOOTS. His hands are in his pockets.

PRUITT
(a mumble)
You kids having some trouble?

BRAD
Was that English?

Pruitt sees the flat tire, looks up to the kids.

PRUITT
Got a spare?

SARAH
... No.

Chris nudges Sarah to keep her mouth shut.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (3) 29

PRUITT
(a goofy chuckle)
You went out on the expressway without a spare? *

BRAD
(to Daryl)
We're history.

DARYL
Ancient history.

Pruitt, chuckling, pulls his right hand from his pocket to scratch his head. Chris's flashlight beam catches the hand.

But there is no hand. IT'S A METAL HOOK.

The kids see it and freeze in terror. *

DARYL
Oh my God.

CHRIS
... Just relax, stay calm, don't panic...
(to Pruitt)
... What do you want?

PRUITT
(gentle)
I just want to help you.

DARYL
(whispered to Chris)
Don't listen to him. He wants to scrape our faces off.

The kids stare at Pruitt. He stares back until he puts it together and looks at his hook.

PRUITT
(smiling)
What? You're scared of this? Haven't you ever seen a handicapped person before?

The kids exchange a nervous glance. Pruitt chuckles.

PRUITT
You must be from the suburbs.

Pruitt walks back to his vehicle. The kids watch the vehicle swing around to the front of the station wagon.

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (4) 29

As it passes by the kids read "Dawson's Garage" on the side of it. It's a tow truck.

CHRIS
I suddenly feel like a total idiot.

The tow truck stops in front of the station wagon. Pruitt climbs out and throws a lever on the towing rig. A mess of cables, hooks and straps descend to the pavement under the station wagon's front bumper.

Chris looks at the kids and shoves them back against the rear of the station wagon.

CHRIS
Stay here.

She rushes to head Pruitt off already hooking up the station wagon.

CHRIS
I'm sorry for freaking out back there. I guess we overreacted.

PRUITT
That's okay. I'm used to it.

CHRIS
Listen. Um. I appreciate this, but I... we don't have any money. If you tow us anywhere I can't pay you.

Pruitt chews on this information.

CHRIS
We can't even buy a tire.
(the horror,
the horror)
My parents are gonna kill me.
Their parents are gonna kill me.

PRUITT
Why would they wanna kill you?

CHRIS
I'm stuck babysitting for these little goobers. I'm not supposed to take little kids into the city like this. I'm just not.

PRUITT
It's okay. I'll tell you what.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED: (5) 29

PRUITT
It's okay. I'll tell you what. I'll tow you into town. To Dawson's Garage. We'll find you a cheap old tire, something to get you home on, okay? *

CHRIS
Oh, no, that wouldn't be right.

PRUITT
What would be right? Leaving you kids alone on the expressway?

CHRIS
No, I guess not.
(extending her hand)
My name's Chris. Chris Parker.

PRUITT
(offering his hook)
Pruitt.

Daryl cringes watching Chris shake Pruitt's metal hook.

30 EXT. THE TOW TRUCK CAB - NIGHT 30

Daryl pulls open the passenger door and hops into the emtpy cab. Brad follows closely behind him. Chris climbs in and hauls Sarah, helmet, hammer, and backpack, onto her lap. They're all still a little shaken.

CHRIS
Okay, c'mon. Sit, Sarah.
(avoiding Sarah's helmet)
It was just a story. Nothing's gonna happen. You guys behave now.

DARYL
Do I have permision to misbehave if he goes for my throat?

CHRIS
Shut up, Daryl.

DARYL
What did it feel like?

CHRIS
What did what feel like?

DARYL
When you shook his claw.

30 CONTINUED: 30

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(shaking her head)
You are a very disturbed child.

Daryl shrugs. He knows this and is proud of it.

JOHN FOGERTY'S "CHANGE IN THE WEATHER" FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK.

31 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - A FEW MINUTES LATER 31

Pruitt's TOW TRUCK pulls the station wagon along the expressway.

32 INT. TWO TRUCK CAB - THE EXPRESSWAY - TRAVELING - NIGHT 32

Pruitt drives. Chris, Brad, Sarah and Daryl are crowded beside him. Pruitt clutches and drops into third. Sarah is lost in thought looking out the window to the gloomy ghetto neighborhood around them.

DARYL
Hey, mister?

Brad and Chris listen in.

PRUITT
Yeah, red?

DARYL
How did you... You know... How did you lose it?

PRUITT
(having him on)
Lose what?

DARYL
Your hand. Was it in 'Nam?

PRUITT
(chuckles)
'Fraid not. Was changin' a tire on a big rig... jack gave out... back of the truck fell on my hand and popped that sucker right off.

DARYL
What did they do with the hand? Bury it?

PRUITT
Naw. Wouldn't let 'em do that.
(playful smile)
I kept it.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: 32

DARYL
You kept it?...

PRUITT
(motions to the dashboard)
Got it in the glove compartment.

Daryl's eyes become WIDE. His face goes WHITE. He TURNS and STARES at the truck's glove compartment.

CAMERA DOLLIES INTO THE closed glove compartment.

Daryl CAN'T TAKE his eyes from it.

Pruitt CHUCKLES to himself. Chris and Brad smile.

Suddenly, the tow truck's radio SHOUTS.

DAWSON (V.O.)
(radio)
Pruitt!

Pruitt GRABS the microphone.

PRUITT
Yeah?

DAWSON (V.O.)
Dawson here. I just went by your place.

PRUITT
(serious)
And what'd you see?

DAWSON (V.O.)
You won't like it.

PRUITT
(furious)
What did you see?!

DAWSON (V.O.)
That car was parked in front.

Pruitt screams and THROWS DOWN the microphone. Pruitt STOMPS the gas. The engine ROARS. The kids are THROWN BACK against the seat.

33 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 33

Pruitt's tow truck and the station wagon madly CROSSES four lanes of traffic, toward the exit ramp.

34 INT. THE TOW TRUCK - EXPRESSWAY - TRAVELING - NIGHT 34

Chris, Brad and Daryl are THROWN from side to side, SCREAMING. Sarah's LAUGHING.

Pruitt is in ANOTHER WORLD. He's in a boiling, blood-red world of cuckolded vengeance. His foot FLOORS the gas.

The speedometer hits 75 MPH. 80 MPH. 85 MPH.

BRAD
Stop! Mr. Pruitt, please!

SARAH
This is great!

35 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 35

Pruitt's speeding tow truck and station wagon LEAP over the divider ramp and exit the highway.

36 EXT. PRUITT'S NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 36

LOWER MIDDLE class. The homes are TINY. UNKEMPT. Covered with dirty, peeling paint. RUSTY pickup trucks and old cars are parked in almost every front lawn.

WHAM! SQUEAL! Pruitt's tow truck shudders sideways, ROUNDING the far corner at ninety swinging the station wagon behind it.

37 INT. THE TOW TRUCK - TRAVELING - NIGHT 37

The kids are still SCREAMING.

CHRIS
That's my mother's car!

Pruitt HITS THE BRAKES.

38 EXT. PRUITT'S STREET - NIGHT 38

The station wagon stops on its hooks inches from smashing into the back of the tow truck.

39 INT. THE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT 39

The kids are SLAMMED forward, silenced in shock. Except for Sarah.

SARAH
Can we do that again?

Pruitt shoves the kids back from the dash. He reaches for the glove compartment.

(CONTINUED)

39 CONTINUED: 39

Daryl COVERS his eyes in horror.

DARYL
Oh, God!

Pruitt rips open the glove compartment. There is NO SIGN of a severed human hand. But there is a huge REVOLVER. All the kids, except Daryl who's got his eyes covered, stare at it.

DARYL *
Is it a hand?

BRAD *
(seeing the gun)
No.

DARYL
(lowering his *
hand)
Good.

BRAD *
It's a gun.

DARYL
(hand over his *
eyes)
OH, GOD!

Pruitt LEAPS from the tow truck with the gun. *

40 EXT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 40

A small, tattered blue home with dangling shudders and rusted spouting.

A crimson red CADILLAC is parked in the driveway.

The gun touting Pruitt KICKS IN the front door of his house. He RUSHES inside. A WOMAN'S SCREAM echoes from inside.

41 INT. THE TOW TRUCK CAB - NIGHT 41

Chris, Brad, Daryl and Sarah WATCH. Their faces are pressed up against the window in FASCINATION.

BRAD
What's happening?

They are jolted by the sounds of GUNSHOTS!

42 EXT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 42

There is a sound of a BONE CRACKING PUNCH.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

THE ADULTERER, a bald fellow in boxer shorts, with his pants wrapped around his ankles, flies through the front WINDOW. Glass SHATTERS.

The Adulterer bounces over the porch railing and LEAPS to his feet. He RUNS toward his Cadillac. His nose is BLEEDING.

Chris, Brad, Sarah and Daryl WATCH from the safety of the tow truck cab.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: 42

Pruitt APPEARS at the window of his house. MRS. PRUITT, a plump, blonde woman, is hanging from Pruitt's arm. She is SCREAMING, PLEADING with Pruitt, who is aiming his revolver at the Adulterer.

Pruitt FIRES the gun. But Mrs. Pruitt PULLS her husband's arm. This causes the bullet to fire in the WRONG DIRECTION.

The bullet BLASTS through the windows of the tow truck cab.

43 INT. THE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT 43

The bullet WHIZZES by the kids' heads. The kids SCREAM. Chris hurriedly BAILS them out of the cab.

44 EXT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 44

The kids RACE across Pruitt's front lawn.

The Adulterer continues to RUN toward his car.

Pruitt again AIMS his revolver at the Adulterer. Mrs. Pruitt PULLS his arm again.

This time, the bullet hits Chris's STATION WAGON. SHATTERING THE WINDSHIELD!

Chris and the kids STOP dead in their tracks. Chris turns to see her station wagon's windshield... BLOWN TO BITS. *

BRAD *
My God!

CHRIS
My Mom's Car! *

Chris TURNS, just in time to see

THE ADULTERER! Wild panic in his eyes, blood streaming from his face, the Adulterer is practically ON TOP OF CHRIS and the kids about to TRAMPLE them.

Chris MOVES FAST. She PUSHES the kids toward the Cadillac.

CHRIS
Move it! Over there!

Chris and the kids RUN TOWARD the Cadillac. The Adulterer is only a FEW FEET behind them.

(CONTINUED)

44 CONTINUED: 44

Chris HUSTLES the kids inside the Cadillac.

CHRIS
Go on! Hurry up!

Everyone CLIMBS inside.

The Adulterer CRIES OUT to the kids.

ADULTERER
Hey! Get outta my car!

45 INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 45

The kids BOUNCE all over the interior. Adrenaline OVER-LOAD. Chris sees that the Adulterer is ALMOST at the car.

CHRIS
Lock the doors!

The kids REACH for the door locks. But suddenly, the doorlocks ELECTRONICALLY LOCK BY THEMSELVES.

JOE GIPP pops up from beneath the front seat. Joe Gipp is 22 years old. He's a short, wiry BLACK CAR THIEF dressed in a worn leather jacket, faded jeans and Air Jordan sneakers.

Joe Gipp NAILS the kids with a killing stare. Again, they SCREAM.

46 EXT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 46

The Adulterer POUNDS on the Caddy windows. He battles with his tattered pants, FUMBLING for his car keys.

Pruitt is OUT OF BULLETS. Frustrated, he THROWS DOWN his revolver. He LEAPS out of the window and marches toward the Adulterer.

The Adulterer SEES Pruitt coming TOWARD HIM. He FINDS the keys. He SMILES and moves one of the keys toward the passenger door lock.

47 INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 47

Joe Gipp swivels, drops in behind the wheel and CONNECTS two wires below the dash. They SPARK. The car STARTS.

48 EXT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 48

The Adulterer OPENS the car door.

49 INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 49

Joe Gipp HITS the gas. The kids are THROWN BACK against the seat.

50 EXT. PRUITT'S HOUSE - NIGHT 50

The Cadillac BURNS RUBBER. BLASTING out of the driveway.

The Adulterer is KNOCKED to the ground.

Shaking his head, the Adulterer GETS to his knees. He LOOKS up to see PRUITT towering over him.

Pruitt PULLS BACK his left hand and CONNECTS with the Adulterer's jaw.

THE PUNCH TO THE JAW BECOMES A ROCK 'N' ROLL DRUMBEAT! IAN HUNTER'S "JUST NIGHT" ROCKS THE SOUNDTRACK!

51 EXT. A DARK STREET - NIGHT 51

As the Cadillac WHIPS through the streets of Pruitt's neighborhood, moving into an even darker, deadlier side of town.

52 INT. THE CADILLAC - TRAVELING - NIGHT 52

The kids collect themselves. Sarah pulls a Snickers bar from her backpack after checking her skates.

CHRIS
Thanks, mister. You saved our lives.

BRAD
(spelling it out)
Chris. He's a car thief. This is a stolen car.

Chris pops a blank stare at Brad, then looks to Joe Gipp. Joe Gipp looks into the rearview mirror with a confirming glance. Chris looks dazed.

DARYL
(under his breath, to Brad)
The chick is losing it.

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED: 52

CHRIS
I am not!

SARAH
Who wants candy?

CHRIS
(WHIRLING on Brad)
Brad! No chocolate, your acne!
(GRABBING Daryl's watch)
Sarah!
(YANKING the aspirin from her pocket)
Aspirin!

Chris CLAWS at the childproof cap. The kids stare at her like she's lost her mind. She stares back.

CHRIS
I am not losing anything! I'm still in control here! GOT IT?!

Joe Gipp HITS THE BRAKES. The Cadillac SQUEALS TO A STOP.

JOE GIPP
I steal cars. I don't steal kids. Get out.

The electric locks go up. The kids pause, looking at Joe Gipp.

JOE GIPP
Go on. Get out.

Chris and the kids hurriedly get out of the car. Sarah gives Joe Gipp the remainder of her candy bar before leaving. Joe Gipp pauses, and drives off.

53 EXT. THE STREET CORNER - NIGHT 53

The WORST neighborhood in Chicago. Chris, Brad, Daryl and Sarah STAND on a corner, beneath a street lamp. They are surrounded by TOTAL DARKNESS.

Suddenly a woman's chilling SCREAMS cut the night. The kids react in fear.

CAMERA DOES A SLOW 360 around the kids as the surrounding night blackness erupts with NIGHTMARISH CITY SOUNDS.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

A man and woman in a HEATED ARGUMENT, ending with gunshots.

The sound of BREAKING GLASS. Followed by a piercing BURGLAR ALARM.

As the sounds INCREASE in loudness and intensity, the camera SPEEDS UP, moving CLOSER to the kids' faces with each circular movement.

The kids faces are WHITE with fear. They are SHAKING. TREMBLING. SCARED to death.

Chris holds the kids CLOSELY to her side. PROTECTING them. COMFORTING them.

CHRIS
Just stay close to me.
Everything's gonna be all right.

The horrible sounds become LOUDER. The CAMERA moves FASTER. Getting CLOSER to the kids.

As the intensity of the moment reaches its CRESCENDO... we hear the sound of SQUEALING CAR BRAKES!

The kids look to see:

JOE GIPP

at the WHEEL of the Cadillac. He smiles and gives a SHRUG to the kids.

JOE GIPP
Couldn't stand the thought
of leaving you kids in this
neighborhood. Get in the car.

The kids do not move.

CHRIS
Promise me you won't hurt these
kids. I'm serious.

A pause.

JOE GIPP
(sincere)
I promise.

Joe Gipp waits. Chris nods, trusting him, and the kids hurriedly SCRAMBLE into the safety of the Cadillac. The Caddy DRIVES OFF into the night.

54 EXT. THE WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - A DARK STREET - NIGHT 54

Quiet and sinister BLUES GUITAR plays under the soundtrack.

We are in a deserted area, surrounded by large, imposing warehouses. The headlights of Joe Gipp's approaching Cadillac cut a swath through the gloom, heading toward:

55 EXT. THE CHOP SHOP - NIGHT 55

The Cadillac stops before the black garage door of what appears to be an abandoned warehouse.

56 INT. THE CADILLAC - NIGHT 56

Joe Gipp pulls a Genie electric GARAGE DOOR OPENER from his shirt pocket and moves it toward the door.

CHRIS
Where are we going?

DARYL
To hell. Kinda exciting, don't you think?

Joe Gipp grins and HITS the door opener's button.

The garage door RATTLES up.

The kids stare in WONDERMENT at the sight before them.

As the garage door opens it reveals a virtual KALEIDOSCOPE OF FLASHING SPARKS, LIGHTS AND COLORS.

The Cadillac ROLLS inside.

57 INT. THE CHOP SHOP - NIGHT 57

SLOW MOTION combines with PIERCING CHICAGO BLUES as the kids discover the interior of the Chop Shop from the windows of Joe Gipp's Cadillac.

The Blues music creates a surrealistic symphony with the sound of SAWS, HIGH-POWERED DRILLS and REVVING ENGINES.

STEEL GIRDERS and RAFTERS suspend not just the roof, but the gloom high above it as well.

COUNTLESS SECTIONS OF CARS hang from the walls, ceiling and floor.

The kids are PRESSED against the Cadillac's windows, staring in awe at the city circus before them. The flashing COLORED LIGHTS dance across their faces. They SEE:

57 CONTINUED: 57

The countless, sweat-drenched and shirtless WORKERS. Their HUGE SHADOWS scrape ghoulishly across the high walls.

A CHICANO pulls out the steering column of a Porsche, while a BLACK MAN tackles the engine from a Ferrari.

A BIG MAN wearing a welder's mask adjusts the flame on a propane blowtorch. *

The large spear of fire is eerily reflected in the dark glass faceplate of the welder's mask.

In another section, tires are ROLLED.

Headlights REMOVED. Pistons PILED. Fenders REPLACED.

THE CADILLAC

passes through a section of refurbished, completed CARS. Parked on either side like silent sentinels are sleek beauties; CADILLACS. PORSCHES. BMW'S. MERCEDES. Several workers attend to last minute details on these cars. POLISHING. WASHING. ENGINE TUNE-UPS.

INSIDE THE CADILLAC

The SLOW MOTION sequence ends. The kids stare in AWE at the several parked cars. Daryl TURNS to Joe Gipp.

DARYL
You steal all these?

JOE GIPP
Gets me some good money.

BRAD
Isn't it kinda dangerous?

JOE GIPP
I like danger.

CHRIS
You should try babysitting.

Joe Gipp laughs and SLOWS the Cadillac, several feet behind:

A TABLE

near a far wall. TEN MEN sit around the table. They are dressed in rumpled, cheap suits. Many of them smoke cigars. Their mean faces look down on reams of paper spread out across the desk.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (2) 57

The CAMERA DOLLIES TOWARD THE MAN AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

BLEAK. He is 42 years old. A tall, pale man. His thin hair is brushed back from a high, smooth forehead. His eyes are almost irisless under heavy lids. His skin is dry. Cold. Like marble. To smile would shatter his face.

A FAT MAN at the table reads from a list to Bleak.

FAT MAN
Dallas gets the Ferraris.
One Lamborghini to Phoenix.
Cleveland needs four Porsches.

BLEAK
Forget it.

FAT MAN
But they got an order...

BLEAK
I said... forget it. I didn't like the way they were running things.
(making it murderously clear)
Cleveland is dead.

The Men around the table swallow nervously, understanding.

THE CADILLAC

Joe Gipp swings the Caddy to a stop behind a HULKING BLACK MAN with his back to the CAMERA.

OUTSIDE THE CADILLAC

This hulking black man is GRAYDON, 35. He's a short, thick man, his mouth pulled down in a perpetual frown.

A BELL RINGS TWICE. Graydon TURNS to shout.

GRAYDON
(booming voice)
Quittin' time at Tara!

The workers DROP what they're doing and collect their gear.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (3) 57

INT. THE CADILLAC

Joe Gipp starts to get out of the car. *

CHRIS *
Look, sir. We've gotta take our car to Dawson's Garage. Do you think --

JOE GIPP
Sit tight. Don't be scared. *

Joe Gipp gets out and closes the car door. Brad takes CHARGE.

BRAD
You guys let me handle this.

CHRIS
What are you gonna do?

BRAD
Talk to 'em.

CHRIS
I'm the babysitter. I'll handle this. *

BRAD
Chris. I don't mean to be crude but if you open your mouth in front of these guys someone'll probably put something really icky in it.

CHRIS
Oh, gross. They wouldn't.

DARYL
(silently behind Chris)
I would.

Brad punches him hard in the chest.

OUTSIDE THE CADILLAC

Joe Gipp approaches Graydon. He gives a FIRGHTENED glance to Bleak who is ARGUING with a man who sits at the table.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (4) 57

Joe Gipp gulps at the sight of Bleak and turns to Graydon. Graydon sees the Cadillac.

GRAYDON
Good job. Got any defects?

JOE GIPP
A few.

The suburban waifs STEP OUT of the car. Graydon locks on them, and Joe Gipp almost swallows his tongue. *

The WORKERS stop what they're doing to see the four lily-white kids standing here.

Bleak, with the other men at the table, shoots a deadly stare at the kids. *

Brad smiles his gentleman's smile and approaches Graydon.

BRAD
(fast, shaking Graydon's hand)
Hi, I'm Brad Anderson. *

Graydon stares at them, at Sarah with her helmet, cape, sword, backpack.

BRAD
This is my sister, Sarah. This is my friend, Daryl Coopersmith. This is Chris Parker. Hey... nice place you got here, really.

GRAYDON
(completely stunned)
Thanks.

BRAD
Yeah... it's... ummm... Look, we sorta took a wrong turn, and if you don't mind, we'd like to get out --

Without warning, Graydon turns and PUNCHES Joe Gipp. SQUARE IN THE MOUTH. Joe Gipp FLIPS over the Cadillac's hood.

Chris GASPS, the kids pull back. The workers stand FROZEN.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (5) 57

Bleak and the others at the table watch in SILENCE.

Joe Gipp staggers up, and Graydon HAULS him around.

JOE GIPP
(lips bleeding)
Gee, Graydon. Don't hold it in. Go on, get pissed.

GRAYDON
You boosted a Caddy full of kids?!

JOE GIPP
They got in while I was stealing it. Couldn't let 'em out. They woulda been killed.

SARAH
We woulda.

JOE GIPP
So I screwed up. Big deal. I dunno why you're so upset.

GRAYDON
They know where our operation is! They could go to the cops!

CHRIS
Oh, no... No, sir... We wouldn't go to the cops.

GRAYDON
How am I s'posed to know that?! *

The kids exchange a PUZZLED look. Brad gets an IDEA.

BRAD
We could put it in writing... Everybody sign it... take it to a notary public...

GRAYDON
Shut up.

Bleak SLAMS his hand on the table. Total SILENCE falls. Everyone in the place fills with FEAR. Bleak speaks in a voice that would be envied by Satan himself.

BLEAK
Take the fuckin' Brady Bunch upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: (6) 57

He nods toward an upstairs OFFICE. It's scaffolded high up against a side wall. It's a big, boxey affair, covered with rusty sheet metal and grimy windows. Steep metal stairs lead up to the aluminum doors.

Bleak's stare BURNS through the kids.

BLEAK
We'll take care of 'em after the meeting.

Joe Gipp nods, a terrified look in his eyes.

GRAYDON
(to the workers)
You guys clear out! Go on home!

The workers scramble for the exit.

DARYL
(whispered to Chris)
If we get outta this alive, I'd ask the Andersons for a buck more an hour.

CHRIS
We'll get home. This has all been a big mistake.

SARAH
What about Brenda?

DARYL
That was her parents' mistake.

58 INT. THE BUS STATION - NIGHT 58

The clock reads: 8:12 P.M.

BRENDA sits at one end of a row of plastic chairs attached to small battered TV sets (five minutes for a quarter).

A SNORING BAG LADY sits asleep in the seat beside her. The Bag Lady wears a huge pair of Elton John-style novelty sunglasses. One lens is missing.

Brenda is disgusted. She takes off her own glasses, puts them down OUT of FRAME, rubs her tired eyes and puts her glasses back on. But they're not her glasses. They're the Bag Lady's. Brenda looks to the Bag Lady. But she is gone. And so are her glasses.

BRENDA
Help, I can't see!

59 INT. THE CHOP SHOP - UPSTAIRS OFFICE - NIGHT 59 *

CLOSEUP: This month's issue of Playboy lies on a cluttered desktop.

CAMERA PANS UP to Daryl, who stares at the magazine with larcenous eyes. *

He snaps it up and STUFFS it under his shirt.

Chris, Brad and Sarah (with her backpack) look over the cramped and dirty office. They have not seen Daryl's business.

BRAD
We're gonna die here.

SARAH
(looking at the ceiling)
No we're not.

Chris, Brad and Daryl LOOK UP to the ceiling.

There's a TRIANGLE-SHAPED OPENING in the sheet metal. The tar paper's TORN ASIDE. There are shards of METAL SPIKES circling the hole like shark's teeth. The black rafters of the roof are FIVE FEET above the office roof.

CHRIS
We're not climbing up there. It's too dangerous. Look at that. You might poke your eyes out.

BRAD
They might poke our brains out.

SARAH
Brad's right.

CHRIS
Oh, no, Sarah, honey. I'm responsible for you. I'm your babysitter -- * * *

DARYL
Then start acting like one and get us babies out of trouble. *

60 INT. CHOP SHOP - THE TABLE 60

Graydon sits beside Bleak. The men at the table continue their HEATED ARGUMENT.

CAMERA CRANES UPWARD and we see Joe Gipp standing on the landing outside of the office. He's watching the men at the table.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED: 60

CAMERA CRANES UPWARD and we see Joe Gipp standing on the landing outside of the office. He's watching the men at the table.

CAMERA CONTINUES TO CRANE UPWARD. IT STOPS ABOVE THE OFFICE ROOF. IN THE RAFTERS.

Black and shadowed, a web of dirty steel. Chris' hands reach up through the hole in the office roof and she pulls herself onto the roof. Winded, she sees

A SKYLIGHT. It's located several feet away, high above the chop shop floor and directly above the men at the table.

Chris tracks the rafters leading to the skylight. They're wide enough to offer good footholds. The ceiling above will allow them to stand as they walk.

Chris turns to help Sarah out onto the office roof.

Chris CATCHES Brad's eye as he clambers up through the hole. Chris throws a nervous glance at the skylight.

Brad NODS to her. He knows it's their only chance.

Daryl SHOVES the knapsack onto the roof and pops up in the hole.

Chris POINTS to the skylight. Daryl figures out the route and pales.

DARYL
You gotta be shitting me.

CHRIS
Watch your mouth!

DARYL
Watch my mouth?! You gotta be shitting me!
(a pause)
What if I fall?

SARAH
I won't let you fall.

They look at Sarah. If she could she'd probably carry them all to safety on her back.

DARYL
Thanks, Sarah.

60A EXT. THE TOP THIRTY FLOORS OF THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING - NIGHT 60A

Establishing. In the middle of the sloping glass wall of windows a large well-lit party can be seen.

(CONTINUED)

60A CONTINUED: 60A

The Andersons' party in progress...

61 INT. ASSOCIATES BUILDING - COMPANY OFFICE - NIGHT 61

In the ANDERSONS' party. The enormous room is packed with people in TUXES and GOWNS. The conversation is a jumble. A man plays SHOW TUNES on a piano in the b.g. Behind the partyers, we see a bank of windows with an incredible view of the CHICAGO SKYLINE. *

The wall of glass slopes back from floor to ceiling, giving that side of the room a wedge shape.

We see MRS. ANDERSON on the phone. Her brow furrowed, she hangs up as MR. ANDERSON approaches her with a drink.

MR. ANDERSON
Multiple murder or did Sarah just cut off a finger? *

MRS. ANDERSON
I got the phone machine.

MR. ANDERSON
They went for ice cream. They're okay. Chris can handle it.

MRS. ANDERSON
Sure. Sarah's probably hanging from the rafters by now. *

62 INT. THE CHOP SHOP - IN THE RAFTERS ABOVE THE OFFICE - NIGHT 62 *

Brad and Sarah ARE HANGING FROM THE RAFTERS. So are Chris and Daryl. They move HAND OVER HAND toward the skylight, their feet finding purchase on the wide beams. *

Chris, leading the others, edges out past the office roof and looks down.

CHRIS'S POV: The chop shop floor appears MILES AWAY. Bleak, Graydon and the others continue arguing directly below the kids.

Chris snaps her eyes forward and HANGS ON TIGHT. WHITE-KNUCKLED. Sarah LOOKS BACK to Daryl, who is SHAKING.

SARAH
Don't look down.

Daryl throws her a WEAK nod and continues onward. Slowly they all move their way through the tangle of steel.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: 62

BLEAK AND GRAYDON

are OBLIVIOUS to what is happening above them. The kids are NEAR the skylight.

Bleak shoves a bunch of papers from the table, SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING.

AT THE SKYLIGHT

Chris's fingers STRETCH OUT to touch the glass, then scramble down to a crack in the sill.

She pushes, and the window quietly opens wide. The sheet metal roof of the warehouse beckons.

JOE GIPP

on the landing GLANCES up into the rafters. He is SHOCKED to see the kids working their way toward the skylight.

JOE GIPP
Jesus.

He looks down to the table, back to the kids, and keeps his mouth shut.

AT THE SKYLIGHT

Chris REACHES for Brad. He goes to her and VAULTS up through the open window and onto the roof. Sarah is NEXT.

Chris HEFTS Sarah up to Brad. Daryl is next, NERVOUSLY climbing onto the sill.

BLEAK

SCRAMBLES through his papers on the table and GLARES at Graydon.

BLEAK
Where's the magazine?

GRAYDON
The Playboy?

AT THE SKYLIGHT

Daryl's having trouble. Chris LIFTS him up, Brad GRABS him.

The Playboy under Daryl's shirt is suddenly JARRED FREE.

(CONTINUED)

62 CONTINUED: (2) 62

The magazine is AIRBORNE.

FALLING TOWARD THE MEN SEATED BELOW.

Daryl SEES the magazine suspended in space. His mouth DROPS OPEN.

On the roof, Brad and Sarah WATCH the magazine's downward plunge in SILENCE.

Chris is STUNNED into silence.

Joe Gipp CAN'T BELIEVE IT.

The magazine FALLS past Chris's ankle.

Chris LETS GO of the rafter with her left hand and DROPS DOWN.

She GRABS the corner of the centerfold with the finger-tips of her right hand.

Her left hand SNAPS BACK and GRIPS the rafters.

Chris has CAUGHT the magazine. It dangles below her, swinging on the UNFOLDED CENTERFOLD.

CAMERA DOES A FAST DOLLY TOWARD THE CENTERFOLD. The model looks very much like Chris, reclining sensually on a bed of white feathers.

Written in INK all over the centerfold's body are NAMES, NUMBERS, and DATES.

Chris quickly PASSES the magazine up to Brad and shoves Daryl out onto the roof. She VAULTS up behind him. The kids are GONE.

The Men at the table are none the wiser.

Joe Gipp breathes a sigh of RELIEF.

Graydon gives a dumb look to Bleak, who continues to SEARCH for the magazine.

GRAYDON
I, uh... I took the Playboy upstairs. There was this article on --

BLEAK
(deadly)
Get it.

Graydon DASHES to the office stairs. Joe Gipp hides a smile as Graydon RUNS PAST him.

63 EXT. CHOP SHOP ROOF - NIGHT 63

The kids RUN for the roof's edge. Brad SHOVES the magazine into Sarah's backpack.

BRAD
(to Daryl, angry)
Where did you get this?!

DARYL
Boosted it from the office.

BRAD
You're gonna get us in so much trouble.

DARYL
(smell the coffee, Brad)
Brad, we're facing ten to twenty in prison for stealing a Cadillac.

Chris HURRIES the kids to a FIRE ESCAPE that stretches from the roof to the street.

Chris CLIMBS onto the fire escape.

64 OMIT 64

65 EXT. THE CHOP SHOP - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT 65

The kids hurriedly CLIMB down the ladder of the fire escape.

CHRIS
At least in prison I'll never have to babysit again. *

65A INT. THE CHOP SHOP - UPSTAIRS OFFICE 65A

Graydon ENTERS, looking for the Playboy. He frantically OPENS desk drawers and looks through the shelves.

He suddenly STOPS, realizing that the kids are not there. He LOOKS UP and sees the hole in the office roof. Graydon UNDERSTANDS and DASHES out of the office.

66 INT. THE CHOP SHOP - NIGHT 66

Graydon RACES up to Bleak.

BLEAK
Where is it?

66 CONTINUED: 66

GRAYDON
It's not there. I think the kids got it.

BLEAK
So get it from 'em.

GRAYDON
They're not there either. They got away.

Bleak's eyes GO WILD. He LEAPS to his feet and RUNS for the exit. Graydon FOLLOWS, motioning for Joe Gipp to come with him.

67 EXT. THE CHOP SHOP - AN ALLEY - NIGHT 67

The kids ARRIVE at the bottom of the fire escape, leaping to the street.

They turn and run through a DARK ALLEYWAY.

The chop shop doors FLY OPEN.

Bleak RUNS out into the alley followed by Graydon and Joe Gipp.

BLEAK'S POV: The kids are a block away. RACING down the narrow alleyway.

Bleak SNAPS his fingers to Joe Gipp.

BLEAK
Get the car.

JOE GIPP
(stalling)
They're kids, for Christ's sake. You gonna run 'em down and kill 'em?

Bleak grabs Joe Gipp's collar.

BLEAK
Get the car.

Joe Gipp nods, hating himself, and RUNS BACK inside the chop shop.

67A INT. THE CHOP SHOP - NIGHT 67A

Joe Gipp runs for a black car parked across the way.

JOE GIPP
(a prayer)
Move your asses, kids.

67B EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT 67B

Bleak gives a FURIOUS glance to Graydon.

BLEAK *
We gotta get that magazine,
the New York notes are in it.
We blow this delivery and we're dead.. *

GRAYDON *
(very frightened)
If the cops get that magazine...

BLEAK *
(cold look to Graydon)
You're dead.

A BLACK LINCOLN CONTINENTAL pulls fast out of the chop shop. Joe Gipp is BEHIND the wheel.

Bleak and Graydon HOP inside.

68 INT. THE LINCOLN - NIGHT 68

Bleak POINTS through the windshield. From here we can SEE the kids. They have quite a head start, still RUNNING, now nearing the end of the alleyway.

BLEAK
Get the kids.

68A IN THE ALLEY OUTSIDE THE LINCOLN 68A

Joe Gipp HITS THE GAS, and the car PEELS OUT BACKWARDS TEN FEET BACK INTO the chop shop.

He hits the brakes, throws Bleak and Graydon, angry, from side to side.

JOE GIPP
Sorry!

Joe Gipp drops it in drive and hits the gas. The Lincoln swerves into the alleyway.

---

69 EXT. DOWN THE ALLEY - NIGHT 69

Chris, Brad, Daryl and Sarah RACE through the alleyway, running with all their heart and soul.

The HEADLIGHTS of the approaching Lincoln Continental appear behind the kids. It's REVVING engine reverberates through the alleyway.

CHRIS
Faster, you guys! Faster!

70 OMIT 70*

71 EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT 71

The kids run run for their LIVES. Moving FASTER.

The SPEEDING CAR is in HOT PURSUIT. Getting CLOSER. CLOSER.

The kids arrive at the END of the alleyway. They TURN the corner, finding themselves in: *

72-79 OMIT 72-79

80 EXT. A SECOND ALLEY - NIGHT 80*

The kids run wildly down this narrow alley. Cranking BLUES MUSIC grows louder.

Joe Gipp is forced to stop the cadillac. Bleak and Graydon jump from the car and continue after the kids on foot.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

The kids skid into a dead end chain link fence ten feet high. No escape. They turn to see Bleak and Graydon silhouetted by the caddy's headlights.

Chris runs to a half-open rotted, paint peeling door. She hurls the kids inside, runs in after them and slams the door behind her. The dirty sign on the door reads: "THE TEARDROP LOUNGE". The Blues music is coming from in here.

Bleak and Graydon slide up to the door, Graydon heading in. Bleak stops him.

BLEAK
The front door! We'll get 'em on the way out, c'mon!

They run back down the alley.

81 INT. THE TEARDROP LOUNGE - BACK HALL - NIGHT 81

Chris and the kids run down a back hallway. DIM BARE LIGHTBULBS hang from the ceiling. The SOUND of muffled Blues' music echoes through the hallway.

Chris LEADS them to a door under an old clock. It's 8:45.

Chris hurries them through the door.

CHRIS
This way.

No one notices the sign on it: STAGE DOOR. The door closes.

(CONTINUED)

82 INT. THE TEARDROP LOUNGE - NIGHT 82

This is the MEANEST, TOUGHEST Blues' Bar in Chicago. A large room, simply decorated with RED VINYL TABLES and CHAIRS. DIMLY LIT. SMOKY. A BAR is on one side of the room. The small stage is located at the front.

The bar is PACKED. *

The Blues Band PLAYS. They're cooking out a street symphony of ELECTRIC LEAD and BASS GUITAR, HARMONICA and SHOTGUN DRUMS. The Music BLASTS through the room.

Bleak, Graydon, and Joe Gipp SLIP IN the front door and stand in * the SHADOWS at the BACK OF THE ROOM. A mass of PEOPLE AND TABLES seperates them from the stage. They look for the kids.

ON STAGE

Chris, Brad, Daryl and Sarah, completely unaware of where they are, SNEAK OUT ONTO THE STAGE INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE MUSICIANS.

The Blues Band SEES the kids and STOPS playing.

CUSTOMERS slowly stops talking, drinks halfway to their lips, and stare confused at the kids on the stage. TOTAL SILENCE.

The kids LOOK AROUND. FROZEN.

IN THE SHADOWS *

Bleak, Graydon, and Joe Gipp NOTICE the strange SILENCE and look THROUGH THE CROWD to the stage. Eyes WIDE.

BLEAK
What...?

There's NO FAST WAY they can get to the kids. So Bleak LEADS * Graydon and Joe Gipp SLOWLY TOWARD THE STAGE by hugging the side wall.

ON STAGE

The kids DO NOT KNOW Bleak and the others are here. Chris takes charge of the situation, walking up to the LEAD GUITARIST in the Blues Band, a tall, lanky, BLACK MAN. He STARES at Chris.

CHRIS
We, ah... We didn't mean to interrupt your little concert here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (2) 82

CHRIS (CONT'D)
... If you don't mind... we'll just get off the stage and let ourselves out through the front door...
(pushing the kids)
... Come on.

The Lead Guitarist BLOCKS HER PATH WITH THE NECK OF HIS ELECTRIC GUITAR.

LEAD GUITARIST
Nobody gets off this stage without singin' the Blues.

CHRIS
(nervous laugh)
What?

LEAD GUITARIST
Nobody gets off this stage without singin' the Blues.

Chris gives another nervous laugh, looking first to the customers, then back to the band. Everyone is still SILENT. EXPRESSIONLESS.

CHRIS
(nervous laugh)
Pardon? You mean you... You want me to sing?

The Band, the Audience is silent. Expressionless.

Chris MOVES toward the kids, who are very frightened.

CHRIS
(incredulous)
They want me to sing.

DARYL
Do whatever they want. Just get us outta here.

CHRIS
(panicked)
I can't sing.

Chris looks at the FRIGHTENED faces of the kids. She has no CHOICE. Nervously, Chris walks to the MICROPHONE.

CHRIS
(clearing her throat, shakey)
Hi. My name is Chris Parker.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (3) 82

The Lead Guitarist follows Chris's line with a FAST, HARD, FIVE-NOTE BLUES RIFF. Chris jumps, startled.

CHRIS
This is Brad and Sarah and Daryl.

Another RIFF. And suddenly a PULSING BASS LINE KICKS IN.

CHRIS
(getting it: just talk...)
I got a boyfriend named Mike.

The DRUMS join in. The music COOKS.

CHRIS
It's our anniversary night.
(loosening up)
But he cancelled the date.
We're stuck in the city.
(getting into it)
My Mom's car all shot up.

SARAH
And bad guys are chasing us!

CHRIS
(singing for the first time)
They're gettin' me tough.
They're gettin' me mean.
(letting it rip)
They're givin' me the blues.
(a beat)
The Babysitting Blues.
(a beat)
I got the baby, baby, Babysitting Blues.

The crowd begins to CLAP along. There's an occasional HOOT and WHISTLE of enthusiasm. They're GETTING INTO IT.

And so are the kids. They're clapping along with the beat, too.

Onstage the Band plays LOUDER, HARDER, TOUGHER.

Feeling the acceptance from the audience, Chris lets herself go. She sings with more PASSION, more SOUL.

CHRIS
Now I got this friend named Brenda.

(MORE)

82 CONTINUED: (4) 82

CHRIS (CONT'D)
(moving with the music)
She ran away from an unhappy home. I came all the way downtown to get her...

She's stuck.

DARYL
(will this work?)
But the tire, it done blown?

BRAD
(it works)
Yeah!

CHRIS
So this guy hooked us up --
Got us all shook up,
And now we're getting down!

The Audience goes crazy with that one.

CHRIS
We got the Baby, Baby, Babysitting Blues!

One more time!

CHRIS AND THE KIDS
We got the Baby, Baby, Babysitting Blues!

ON THE FLOOR

Bleak, Graydon, and Joe Gipp MOVE THROUGH THE PACKED CROWD slowly toward the stage. Blean and Graydon look like they could kill. Joe Gipp looks worried.

ON STAGE

The Band plays a big MUSICALLY CRASHING finish.

ON THE FLOOR

Bleak and Graydon get ready to make their move TOWARD THE STAGE. Joe Gipp is nervous.

ON STAGE

Chris TURNS to SEE Bleak, Graydon and Joe Gipp below her in the crowd. The scared kids SEE THEM, too.

(CONTINUED)

82 CONTINUED: (5) 82

LEAD GUITARIST
Whatsamatter?

CHRIS
Those are the guys.

LEAD GUITARIST
Who're chasing you?

The kids nod.

Bleak, Graydon and Joe Gipp feel the STARES of the Band and SUDDENLY the AUDIENCE.

LEAD GUITARIST
That won't be a problem. Go on.

The Lead Guitarist GRINS. His GOLD TOOTH glistens. He nods and GESTURES with his guitar for the AUDIENCE to CLEAR A PASSAGEWAY to the front door for the kids.

THE APPRECIATIVE CROWD PARTS, Bleak, Graydon and Joe Gipp are PURPOSELY CAUGHT in the CRUSH AND SHOVED BACK AWAY FROM THE STAGE by some very BIG AND PROTECTIVE AUDIENCE MEMBERS.

The kids JUMP OFF THE STAGE, WAVING goodbye to their adoring fans. AND PASSING WITHIN INCHES OF BLEAK, GRAYDON, AND JOE GIPP (who's grinning).

Bleak and Graydon cut UP ONTO THE STAGE to get around the crowd.

ON STAGE

Bleak and Graydon are instantly STOPPED by the Lead Guitarist.

LEAD GUITARIST
Nobody gets off this stage without singing the blues.

Bleak and Graydon make a move and suddenly THE ENTIRE BAND is on their feet, ringing Bleak and Graydon. Nobody gets off this stage without singing the blues.

Joe Gipp, ON THE FLOOR, watches the kids DUCK OUT THE FRONT DOOR. He looks at Bleak and Graydon on stage and LAUGHS.

83 EXT. THE TEARDROP LOUNGE - NIGHT 83

The kids RUN OUT the front door. Everyone CONGRATULATES each other. *

(CONTINUED)

83 CONTINUED: 83

DARYL
(to Chris, in awe)
You were incredible for a white girl. Amazing.

SARAH
(to Chris)
I didn't know you were so cool.

BRAD
(adoring)
I did.

CHRIS
Thanks, guys. You were pretty cool yourselves. C'mon.

BRAD
Where to?

CHRIS
Let's just get away from here.

84 EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT 84

A LONG SHOT. A BLUES SAXOPHONE plays a gentle echo of "The Babysitting Blues" on the soundtrack. With the city in the background, the FOUR KIDS walk along a deserted street in silhouette, as an EL-TRAIN RUMBLES over the kids' heads.

Daryl and Sarah walk behind Brad and Chris, Daryl tagging behind Sarah.

DARYL
(singing to himself)
... I got the, got the, got the buh-babysittin' buh-luuuuuues...

Sarah's got her skates on and is skating along enjoying the scenery.

Chris is deep in thought, looking at the skyline ahead of them. She's unaware of Brad's shy stare. Brad screws up his courage.

BRAD
Chris?

CHRIS
What?

BRAD
Can I tell you something?

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: 84

CHRIS
Sure.

Something catches Daryl's eye OFFSCREEN. He smiles. And walks off OUT OF FRAME.

BRAD
I didn't really know you before tonight. I mean... I knew you were pretty-- you are pretty--

CHRIS
(looking off, not listening)
Thanks. Is that your Dad's building?

Brad looks off.

BRAD'S P.O.V.: Nestled in the row of skyscrapers in the distance is the Associates Building.

BRAD
Yeah.
(continuing)
But... you're more than that. You're kinda... smart.

CHRIS
(big decision) *
We should turn ourselves in.

BRAD
Sure, whatever. The thing I can't figure out is what the hell you're * doing with Mike Toddwell.

CHRIS
What?...

SARAH
(under her breath)
Oh, this'll be good.

Above their heads an El-Train pulls to a stop, the SOUND OF IT winding down at the platform.

BRAD
I'm serious. The guy's a total loser. Daryl knows it. I know it.

CHRIS
It's none of your business.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (2) 84

BRAD
Chris, it's nothing against you... I just... I just think you should give other guys a chance...

CHRIS
Like who?

BRAD
Well... like...

SARAH
Don't say it, don't say it.

BRAD
(mustering up courage)
Like me.

Chris LOOKS at him. She suddenly breaks up LAUGHING. Brad's face COVERS WITH HURT. He GLARES at Chris.

BRAD
What's so funny?

CHRIS
Well... You're just... A child.

BRAD
(angry)
And you're just a girl in love with an asshole.

CHRIS
Brad... Look --

BRAD
Forget it.

CHRIS
(looking off, screaming)
Daryl!

Brad and Sarah jump, Chris bolts back down the street to Daryl.

Who's standing on a street corner talking to a YOUNG PROSTITUTE.

DARYL
What?

CHRIS
C'mon.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (3) 84

DARYL
Hey, you're cramping my style. I think I gotta date here.

CHRIS
She's too old for you.

PROSTITUTE
I'm seventeen. *

Chris stares at her. The Prostitute looks almost thirty. *

CHRIS *
You're... kidding. What happened to you?

PROSTITUTE
I ran away from home...

CHRIS
(paling)
Brenda...

The moment is SHATTERED BY A ROARING ENGINE. Chris whirls to see the Lincoln Continental speeding toward them from around the corner.

Chris grabs Daryl, sees the street level El-Train entrance and:

CHRIS
(shouting to Brad and Sarah)
C'MON!

They all run for it, converging on the train station. Sarah's on her skates, slip-sliding wildly. Brad and Chris have each of her hands.

(CONTINUED)

84 CONTINUED: (4) 84

They blast into the entrance just ahead of the Lincoln Continental WHAMMING to a stop. Joe Gipp pushes himself off the steering and watches Bleak and Graydon run in after the kids.

85 INT. THE TRAIN STATION - NIGHT 85

An ATTENDANT sits in his glass booth and shouts:

ATTENDANT
Hey!

As the kids fly over the turnstyles (Sarah skating under hers) and run for the wide stairs leading up to the platform.

SARAH
Help me!

Chris, Brad, and Daryl carry Sarah up the steps to the platform as Bleak and Graydon vault the turnstyles and again the Attendant shouts:

ATTENDANT
Hey?!

As the kids reach the top of the stairs and Bleak and Graydon hit the bottom and start up.

BLEAK'S POV: The kids RUNNING up the stairs, cresting the top. His Playboy BOBS UP AND DOWN under the flap of Sarah's backpack.

86 EXT. THE TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - NIGHT 86

The El-Train waits at the empty platform. The kids run like mad for the doors. Chris HURLS THEM INSIDE.

BLEAK AND GRAYDON fly up the stairs and run for the doors.

CHRIS JUMPS IN THE TRAIN, THE DOOR SLAM CLOSED, THE TRAIN PULLS.

Bleak and Graydon are too late. Bleak kicks the side of the moving train, staring at the kids inside the otherwise empty car.

BLEAK
Sonofabitch!

Graydon's wheezing badly. Both of them turn to see Joe Gipp running up the stairs to the platform.

(CONTINUED)

86 CONTINUED: 86

JOE GIPP
What happened?!

Graydon can only shake his head. Joe Gipp figures it out. And smiles a little relieved. Bleak sees it. He STORMS over to Joe Gipp and grabs him by his shirt.

BLEAK
I want you to tell me all about -- these kids. Where you found them, where they came from.

JOE GIPP
How'm I supp -- I don't know anything!

BLEAK
You know something.
(a beat)
Yeah... you do, don't you...

JOE GIPP
(sweating)
They need to get to their car...

BLEAK
We'll get to it first.

87 INT. THE EL TRAIN - TRAVELING - NIGHT 87

The car is empty except for the kids.

Chris SITS on one side. Brad, Daryl and Sarah sit across from her. Brad's feelings are still a little hurt. They're all a little stunned and exhausted.

CHRIS
What do those guys want?

DARYL
(a crazy giggle)
Maybe the wanna give us a ride home?

Chris stares at him.

DARYL
You think?

Chris looks away, depressed. Daryl LOOKS up at the various advertisements on the subway walls framing a transit map. He sees an advertisement for the latest issue of Playboy. The ad features the centerfold's photo, looking exactly like Chris.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: 87

Daryl wiggles a finger to get Brad's attention and directs his gaze to the ad. Brad sees it and slides Daryl a disgusted look.

Sarah's taking off her skates and pulling her tennis shoes from her backpack. She TUCKS the magazine back down inside.

CHRIS
Sarah, lay down there and go to sleep.

SARAH
I'm not tired.

CHRIS
Pretend you are.

SARAH
Then can I pretend to sleep?

CHRIS
(rubbing her face, weary)
Sure. Whatever. Jesus.

Suddenly, the door at the back of the train car WHAMS OPEN!

THE CHICANO STREET KINGS

enter. A GANG. Mean. Bad to the bone. They wear BLACK LEATHER jackets. Chains. Black JEANS. BOOTS. There are FIFTEEN of them. They stand at the BACK of the car, looking PAST Chris and the kids with MURDEROUS EYES.

Chris and the kids STARE at them.

Suddenly, there is ANOTHER WHAM! The door from the OPPOSITE SIDE of the train slides open.

Chris and the kids TURN their heads to see:

THE BLACK LORDS OF HELL

enter. Another GANG. They are dressed in RED LEATHER jackets, jeans and boots. There are FIFTEEN of them.

The two gangs STARE at each other with blood in their eyes.

SARAH
Cool threads.

Chris looks to the kids.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (2) 87

CHRIS
We'll get off at the next stop.

CHICANO GANG LEADER
Don't you even think of gettin' off!

The kids LOOK at him. But he's not talking to the kids, he's looking at the Black Lord leader, who answers back.

BLACK GANG LEADER
The only people gettin' off this train are doin' it in body bags.

The kids GULP. Both gangs completely IGNORE the kids.

CHRIS
(whispered to the kids)
Don't panic.

Daryl's sweating bullets, Brad's sweating howitzer shells. Sarah's all enthusiastic eyes.

CHICANO GANG LEADER
You're on our train.

BLACK GANG LEADER
You're rolling into our turf.

The kids look from gang to gang.

BLACK GANG LEADER
As soon as we cross Devereaux Street you are dead.

He points to the transit map. The kids look at it.

THE KIDS' POV: The map. There's Devereaux Street intersecting the TRAIN LINE. Just beyond it is the ST. JOSEPH'S HOSPITAL STOP.

The Black Gang Leader glances out the window.

BLACK GANG LEADER
Here's Lathrop. Here's Jackson.

Suddenly switchblades and knives appear in the hands of each gang member. MURDER in their eyes.

DARYL
(fast)
They're gonna kill each other.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (3) 87

BRAD
(faster)
And kill us doing it.

CHRIS
(fastest)
Jesus Christ.

SARAH
(out of left field)
Get back, I wanna see this.

BLACK GANG LEADER
Here comes Devereaux...

The Gangs get ready. Knives clicking open. Eyes cold.

CHRIS
(suddenly stepping between the gangs)
Excuse me.

The two gangs REGARD her murderously. Brad and the kids watch her with disbelief.

CHRIS
(false calm)
I couldn't help but notice that you two groups of... people are about to start killing each other. I was wondering if we could just sort of wait on that until we could get off this train?

BLACK GANG LEADER *
Sit down, bitch.

Chris freezes, scared.

CHRIS
What?

BLACK GANG LEADER *
I said sit down, bitch.

DARYL
(to Brad, scared, goading)
You gonna let 'em get away with that?

Brad snaps a look at Daryl and vaults out of his seat.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (4) 87

DARYL
(really scared)
I was kidding.

Brad stands up, jittery, beside Chris.

BRAD
You can't call her that. That was really rude. Apologize.

CHRIS
It's okay, stay outta this.

BRAD
He called you a bitch.

CHRIS
(shrill, scared for them all)
Brad, shut up! *

BLACK GANG LEADER
(threatening, his knife ready)
Listen to the bitch, Brad.

BRAD
(angry)
Watch your mouth, you... you big city scum sucker. *

That did it. Chris realizes they are all gonna die here. Brad swallows hard. Daryl buries his face in his hands. Sarah watches everything, attentive.

The Black Gang Leader slowly saunters toward Brad.

BLACK GANG LEADER
You just can't keep your feet out of your mouth, boy. Let me help you out.

The Black Gang Leader WHIPS his knife STRAIGHT DOWN into the FLOOR WITH A BANG.

BLACK GANG LEADER
How's that?

The knife is STUCK THROUGH the TIP of Brad's tennis shoe and into the subway FLOOR.

(CONTINUED)

87 CONTINUED: (5) 87

Brad LOOKS DOWN AND SCREAMS.

BLACK GANG LEADER
Don't fuck with the Black Lords.

Chris DROPS FAST, TAKES the knife from his foot and ANGRILY HURLS the knife into the wall beside her. It hits with a BANG and sticks deeply.

CHRIS
(to the gangs, cold, deadly)
Don't fuck with the babysitter.

The Black Leader is SHOCKED. FROZEN. All of his gang members are STILL. SILENT.

The CHICANO GANG is also STUNNED INTO SILENCE.

The train STOPS. The doors SHOOT OPEN.

Chris draws the kids behind her, Brad limping, Daryl helping.

Slowly, with DIGNITY, Chris backs the kids out of the train.

88 EXT. THE PLATFORM - NIGHT 88

The kids STEP onto the platform. The train doors CLOSE behind them.

The stunned gang members STARE out of the windows at the kids, as the train ROLLS AWAY.

CHRIS
(bravado gone, totally panicked)
Are you okay?

BRAD
(panicked)
I don't know. I can't feel anything.

DARYL
(excited)
Tetanus. Lockjaw. Rabies. Scabies. Syphillis. Oh man... you could get it all.

Sarah's reading the sign in front of her and following the arrow beneath it.

(CONTINUED)

88 CONTINUED: 88

SARAH
Does this say "Hospital?"

The kids look at the sign. It says "St. Joseph's Hospital."

89 EXT. THE STREET TO THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 89

Chris blasts out the train platform doors with Brad in her arms. His head bobs wildly. Daryl and Sarah, her backpack slung over her shoulder, run to keep up.

They rocket down the street toward the Hospital.

90 EXT. THE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT 90

The kids hurry past a row of parked ambulances and run for the electric eye doors.

91 INT. THE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WARD - NIGHT 91

The ward looks like a front line MASH unit during battle. PATIENTS of all ages and colors sit with busted arms, cracked skulls and other injuries. DOCTORS and NURSES working on two hours of sleep stumble back and forth.

A Doctor, leaning against a wall, is drinking coffee trying to keep his other eye open. *

The emergency doors SLIDE OPEN and Chris stumbles in, Brad in her arms. Sarah and Daryl skid in behind her.

CHRIS
MEDIC!

All heads turn, eyes blinking brightly awake and staring at Chris.

AT AN ELEVATOR

Including the ADULTERER. He's staring wide-eyed at the kids as he stands inside an elevator between TWO COPS. His nose is plastered, his eyes blackened. The elevators BEGIN TO CLOSE.

THE ADULTERER
(under his breath, shocked)
That's them. They took my car!

The DISINTERESTED cops GRAB him and the DOORS CLOSE all the way. He is gone.

(CONTINUED)

91 CONTINUED: 91

But his SHOUTS can be heard in the RISING elevator.

AT THE EMERGENCY ENTRANCE

But the kids have not seen or heard him. A battery of Nurses circle Chris and Brad, bundling him up and away.

CUT TO:

The wall clock above the waiting room area. It reads: 10:39. *

Chris sits on a chair, slumped, beaten down, exhausted. She * stares at the clock. Nurses and patients file past her.

CHRIS
(under her breath)
Brenda, if you're dead I wish I was *
with you.

92 INT. THE BUS STATION - NIGHT 92

Brenda is far from dead. She's sitting in a chair with the novelty sunglasses in her hand.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: 92

She looks up and squints O.S.

BRENDA'S POV: Blurry. A small animal is in the corner. It could be a kitten.

BRENDA
Hey. Kitty, kitty, kitty?

Brenda stands, squinting, and goes over to the animal. We never see it in focus. Only through Brenda's blurred vision.

BRENDA
(extending her hand)
Whatsmatter? You get lost? You run away from home?

The blurry animal sniffs Brenda's fingers.

BRENDA
Cold nose. Now don't bite. You can nibble, just don't bite.

Brenda PICKS the animal up and brings it under her chin. We do not get a good look at the animal.

BRENDA
You're shivering.

JANITOR 1 (O.S.)
Drop it!

Brenda turns, seeing, BLURRED, two Janitors standing a few feet away. The Janitors are holding a shoe box and a broom. The Janitor urgently growls at Brenda.

JANITOR !
Put the animal down!

Afraid, Brenda LOWERS the animal to the ground. The Janitor raises his broom and BEATS THE ANIMAL (O.S.) with it. Brenda screams, trying to stop the Janitor. Janitor 2 holds her back.

Janitor 1 picks up the unconscious animal by its tail.

BRENDA
You monsters! How could you do that to a kitten?! A little kitten!

The Janitors look at each other and begin to LAUGH. Brenda is incredulous.

(CONTINUED)

92 CONTINUED: (2) 92

JANITOR 1
Kitten? 'Dis ain't no kitten, kid. It's a jumbo size sewer rat.

The Janitor holds the rat up and dumps it in a shoe box.

Brenda's jaw drops. And she screams, running off. The two Janitors chuckle away watching her run off.

93 OMIT 93

94 INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE BRAD'S ROOM - NIGHT 94*

Daryl and Sarah sit on a worn vinyl couch against the wall. Daryl is worried, guilty, and depressed. Sarah watches him.

DARYL
(worried, fast)
This is all my fault. I can't keep my mouth shut. Why do I always have to open my big mouth? I could have gotten him killed. What if they have to amputate? Why can't I just shut up, I wish I could just shut up.

SARAH
Shut up, Daryl.

Daryl shuts up and looks at Sarah.

SARAH
It's not your fault. He woulda done it even if you weren't there.

Brad's door opens and DR. NUHKBANG steps out. The Doctor has a THREE DAY growth of beard, DARK CIRCLES around his deep set eyes. He's been working Emergency for 48 hours and is practically SLEEPWALKING.

Daryl and Sarah stand, anxious.

DR. NUHKBANG
Here he is, a-okay.

Brad comes out the door behind the Doctor, limping slightly. He looks fine.

Daryl is overwhelmed. His eyes bounce back from Brad's foot to his face.

DARYL
You're okay?!

Brad nods sheepishly. Daryl runs to him and embraces him. Brad staggers back under the emotional assault, confused, looking to Sarah for an explanation. Sarah just shrugs.

BRAD
Daryl, I can't breathe.

A NURSE approaches the Doctor.

NURSE
Dr. Nuhkbang, the guy with the stab wounds just died.

DR. NUHKBANG
Oh, dear, alright. Don't you children go anywhere. I'll be right back.

The Doctor and the Nurse head off leaving Daryl still hugging Brad. Sarah grins at them.

DARYL
You're really okay?

BRAD
The knife went through my shoe and nicked my toe. I got one stitch.

DARYL
Do you... do you forgive me?

BRAD
(confused, honest)
Forgive you for what?

Daryl takes Brad's response as exoneration.

DARYL
Thank you.
(hugging him harder)
Thank you.

Brad looks to Sarah for an answer. She just shrugs.

Brad looks down the hall toward the reception area.

94 CONTINUED: (2) 94

BRAD'S POV: Chris far down the hall stopping Dr. Nuhkbang to talk to him. Chris has not seen the kids.

WITH CHRIS AND DR. NUHKBANG

CHRIS
Doctor?... I can't find my friend.

DR. NUHKBANG
(yawning)
Your friend?... Which one was he?...

CHRIS
Ah... Stab wound.

DR. NUHKBANG
Oh, dear.

CHRIS
What?

DR. NUHKBANG
(sober)
I'm sorry. Your friend is dead.

Chris pauses, blinks once and DROPS to the floor in a DEAD FAINT.

WITH THE KIDS

SARAH
Chris!

The kids RUN UP to Chris who's still UNCONSCIOUS, surrounded by Doctor Nuhkbang and the Nurse, who are trying to REVIVE her.

BRAD
What happened?!

DR. NUHKBANG
Oh, dear. You're her friend. She's fainted.

The Nurse puts a SMELLING SALT under Chris's nose. Chris STIRS. WAKES.

Upon seeing Brad, Chris SCREAMS. Dr. Nuhkbang COMFORTS Chris.

DR. NUHKBANG
Everything's all right. I made a mistake. See, he's fine.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (3) 94

CHRIS
(groggy, Dorothy back from Oz)
Oh... I had the worst nightmare. We were stuck--

Chris stares at Brad's tattered shoe.

CHRIS
--this is really happening.

DARYL
Some night, huh?

DR. NUHKBANG
(leaving with the Nurse)
You children stay right here. I'll send the nurse back with the paperwork.

BRAD
Are they gonna want our names? *

CHRIS
Yeah. We're finished. I'm gonna call my Mom. *

DARYL
(scared)
Oh, God, no parents, please. We'll be killed. *

Suddenly the ADULTERER APPEARS at the end of the hall.

ADULTERER
HEY! WHERE'S MY CAR?!

The kids turn, seeing him, STUNNED. He CHARGES DOWN THE HALLWAY toward the kids.

The kids stand like stunned rabbits caught in the headlight of a thundering train.

(CONTINUED)

94 CONTINUED: (4) 94

ADULTERER
WHERE'S MY CAR, GOD DAMMIT?!

The Adulterer's going to CRUSH the kids before he gets an answer. He is only a FEW FEET AWAY, when...

PRUITT BURSTS from one of the cubicles and SLAMS into the Adulterer with all the force of a flying mountain.

The Adulterer is BLINDSIDED into the wall, unconscious.

Pruitt is wearing HANDCUFFS dangling off his left wrist. His right hand (hook) swings free. His head is covered with LUMPS and BRUISES.

The TWO COPS that were with the Adulterer in the elevator suddenly come running around corner down the hall.

COP 1
Hold it!

PRUITT
(whirling on the kids)
You want your car?... C'mon! It's fixed!

CHRIS
(uncomprehending)
Fixed?

BRAD
(grabbing Chris)
Fixed!

Pruitt BOLTS past them. The kids see the cops COMING TOWARD them and FOLLOW Pruitt. TWO DOCTORS and ANOTHER COP come out of Pruitt's cubicle to join the chase.

95 EXT. THE EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT 95

Pruitt and the kids RUN OUTSIDE.

They run for FOUR AMBULANCES parked side by side. Pruitt and the kids DUCK DOWN between two.

CHRIS
What are you doing here?

PRUITT
My wife called the cops. I got a little banged up. *

(CONTINUED)

95 CONTINUED 95

CHRIS
Where's our car?

PRUITT
I got it to Dawson's Garage.
Go past the University to Lower
Wacker Drive. Can't miss it.
I payed for your window, that was *
my fault. But Dawson's gonna hit
you for the tire. Fifty bucks.

CHRIS
Fifty bucks?!

95A EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 95A

THE COPS dash out of the Hospital doors, looking for Pruitt and the kids.

95B EXT. BETWEEN THE AMBULANCES - NIGHT 95B

Pruitt SEES the cops. He STANDS to leave, TURNS to run.

CHRIS
Wait. Where are you going?

PRUITT
I'm a fugitive now.

DARYL
Kinda like us.

PRUITT
(a smile to Daryl)
Kinda like you, red.

Daryl reaches up and takes the hook in hand with no problem whatsoever. He and Pruitt exchange a gentle handshake.

PRUITT
(to Chris)
Good luck, babysitter.

CHRIS
You too, Mr. Pruitt.

Pruitt smiles and RUNS OFF.

95C EXT. THE HOSPITAL - NIGHT 95C

Pruitt runs off down a DARK STREET. The cops SEE Pruitt and hurriedly FOLLOW.

95D EXT. BETWEEN THE AMBULANCES - NIGHT 95D

Brad gives a WORRIED LOOK to Chris.

BRAD
Where we gonna get fifty bucks?

CHRIS
Maybe we could sell Daryl.

Daryl rolls his eyes and Chris affectionately ropes his neck into the crook of her elbow.

CHRIS
We'll think of something. C'mon.

Making sure the COAST IS CLEAR, the kids sprint out from between the ambulances. They RUN OFF down the street.

DISSOLVE TO:

96 EXT. THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - FRATERNITY ROW - NIGHT 96

The kids WALK through the dark neighborhood, a strange hybrid of URBAN and RESIDENTIAL.

The kids look a little beaten down.

SARAH
Chris, I gotta make.

DARYL
(laughing)
You gotta what?

CHRIS
Try and hold it, honey. We'll find a bathroom soon.

The distant sound of ROCK N' ROLL is growing louder.

DARYL
(catching the party on the wind)
Sounds like a party...

They walk a little further. Daryl quickens his pace staring ahead O.S. He grins.

DARYL
... Looks like a party.

DARYL'S POV: A FRAT HOUSE. Delta Lambda Chi. It's a huge, TWO-STORY BUILDING. A PARTY is going on inside. The inside of the house is crowded with DANCING collegiates. ROCK N' ROLL echoes from inside.

Daryl is drawn irresistibly to the party.

(CONTINUED)

96 CONTINUED: 96

CHRIS
Daryl, get back here!

He rushes across the lawn and dives in the frat house door.

CHRIS
Why do I have the strange feeling we'll never see him again?

BRAD
Sarah can go to the bathroom in there.

SARAH
I really gotta. I'm gonna burst.

Chris looks at Sarah doing a little curtsey-shuffle, smiling weakly. Chris nods.

97 INT. THE FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT 97 *

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY AND THE JUKES, a seven-piece rock and soul band, are PLAYING. They do their own rollicking version of Randy Newman's "MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME."

The room is CROWDED with partying students. DANCING. LAUGHING. DRINKING.

A GROUP OF DRUNK GUYS stand together, talking, drinking beer. GUY 1 looks to the doorway and his jaw drops. All the other Guys look to the door. Eyes wide.

GUY 1
I don't believe it.

THE GUYS' POV: CHRIS, BRAD AND SARAH ENTERING the party. Sarah in her helmet and backpack, Brad sniffling, and Chris looking beautifully exhausted. The kids are in sharp CONTRAST to everyone else in the room.

The Guys stare at Chris.

SLOW GUY
Who is it, some high I.Q. kids?

GUY 1
No, stupid. That is Miss February.

DAN LYNCH, 21, sober, beer in hand, and probably the best-looking guy in the place, overhears the drunk Guys and follows their gaze. *

GUY 3
No way.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: 97

SLOW GUY
Miss who?

GUY 1
Miss February. It's her.

Guy 1 runs from the group and heads upstairs. The remaining Guys stare drunkenly at Chris.

Dan Lynch watches the Guys, a little concerned for Chris.

IN THE DOORWAY

The kids stare in awe at the PARTY. Seeing the dance floor, Sarah immediately rests her backpack on the floor. She hurriedly PUTS ON her roller skates.

Chris sees a version of college she never knew existed. She watches the college kids DANCING and HAVING FUN.

Brad sees something and tugs Chris's sleeve. They look to see

CHRIS AND BRAD'S POV: Daryl muscles his way up behind a bar crowded with HUGE JOCKS laughing loudly and elbowing back brewskis.

AT THE BAR

The Huge Jocks are having a blast, chugging beers. They finish in a flourish and slam their glasses onto the bar top. Daryl pops up from behind the bar.

DARYL
Hi, fellas.

The Huge Jocks STOP. STARING at Daryl.

JOCK #1
I must be hallucinating. Does anybody else see a talking penis?

The Huge Jocks GUFFAW. Daryl LAUGHS, hu-yuck-yucking with them.

DARYL
(what a jokester)
Hey, speaking of penises... Do you guys know how the Playboy Unabashed Dictionary defines oral gratification?

JOCK 1
Look out. It's un Unidentified Flying Asshole.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (2) 97

With warning, Huge Jock 1 GRABS Daryl by the back of his coat and pants, hauls him over the bar, and LAUNCHES HIM SLIDING across the floor on his ass. The Huge Jocks LAUGH riotously.

WITH CHRIS

watching wide-eyed with Brad as Daryl slides into...

THE STAIRS

Daryl bangs into the bannister and finds himself looking into the eyes of a DRUNKEN BEAUTIFUL BLONDE sitting forlornly on the stairs.

CHRIS

starts across the room toward Daryl.

CHRIS
I'll get him. You take Sarah to the bathroom.

Brad grabs Sarah's hand. She's got her skates on now.

SARAH
I want to dance! I don't have to go so bad!

CHRIS
We have two hours to get home. We don't have time to dance.

BRAD
C'mon.

Brad turns to drag her away and steps past the group of DRUNK GUYS who bully up to Chris. Guy 1 has his Playboy in hand.

Brad stands helpless with Sarah.

GUY 1
(looking at the centerfold stats)
It says here you love old Tony Orlando and Dawn records. Me, too.

GUY 2
Look! We have the same pet peeves. This is amazing.

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (3) 97

GUY 1
(handing her the magazine and a pen)
Could you autograph this?

CHRIS
(seeing the centerfold)
Oh my God!

Brad starts to help when Dan Lynch suddenly appears. *

DAN *
(calm, good smile)
"Oh my God!" what?

CHRIS
(shocked)
It's not me, it's not.

Dan takes a look at the centerfold and does a double take. *

GUY 1 *
It's her.

DAN *
(to Chris)
What's your name?

CHRIS
(looking at the stats, paling)
It's not Shaylene.

DAN
(liking this girl) *
It couldn't be. C'mon.

GUY 1
Wait a minute.

DAN *
Guys, hold on. Now think about this. Do you honestly believe a Playboy centerfold is not gonna have anything better to do on a night like this except show up at a Kappa party?

The Drunk Guys think about it. Dan looks at Chris, hopeful. *

DAN *
Let's see if this helps.
(back to the guys)
And let's just say if she did decide to show up would she show up with a bunch of kids?

(CONTINUED)

97 CONTINUED: (4) 97

The guys look at each other, back to Chris, Brad and Sarah standing nearby, the centerfold, and each other again. *

SLOW GUY *
I told you it wasn't her.

The Drunk Guys mumble, grumble and move off. *

CHRIS
(still reeling)
Thanks.

Chris smiles at him and notes Brad still standing there watching * with Sarah.

BRAD
(miffed) *
So where's the bathroom?

DAN
Straight ahead.

Brad turns and hauls Sarah away. *

DAN
You usually bring your brothers and sisters to these kinda things?

CHRIS
Usually I don't go to these kinda things.

DAN
I haven't seen you here on campus before. Are you a freshman?

Chris shakes her head.

DAN
Sophomore?

Chris shakes her head.

DAN
You can't be a junior.

CHRIS
I'm a senior. In high school.

DAN
(honestly shocked)
Get outta town.

CHRIS
I'm trying to.

DAN
I can't believe it. (CONTINUED)

CHRIS
What?

DAN
That the prettiest girl at the University of Chicago is in high school.

CHRIS
(grinning)
That was good.

DAN
My name's Dan Lynch. Would you like to dance?

CHRIS
I can't. I don't have time.

DAN
She's gonna be line for the bathroom for a couple minutes. There's time.

Chris is charmed.

CHRIS
Okay. For a minute. *

AT THE BATHROOM LINE

A long line of very pretty girls wait in line for the bathroom. Brad stands there with Sarah ignoring the stares and giggles of the pretty coeds.

DAN AND CHRIS

are on the dance floor, dancing slowly toward Daryl on the stairs.

DAN
(trying to put it together)
So... You're babysitting these kids?

CHRIS
No one could conceivably call what I've been doing tonight "babysitting."

DAN
(amused)
Wait a second...

CHRIS
If these kids grow up to be murderers and drug addicts it's because of me.

DAN
(comforting)
Listen... everything's gonna be alright... it's all gonna work out fine... I think you're doing a great job.

CHRIS
(desparate hope)
You do?

DAN
Sure. You got the kids this far... they're still alive... it could be a lot worse...

CHRIS
(agreeing)
It could be.

DAN
Now... If you just tell me how I can help? What do you need?

CHRIS
(debating, then)
Well, actually, now that you asked me... fifty bucks.

Dan reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

DAN
All I got's a twenty. Wait right here. I'll get the rest.

Dan GIVES Chris the twenty from his wallet.

CHRIS
This is a loan.

DAN
(a quick smile)
Of course.

Dan HURRIES off. REVEALING Brad who has seen most of the encounter with Dan. Sarah stands beside him caught in his taloned grip. Brad is hurt, angry, and learning something.

CHRIS
He's getting us fifty dollars.

BRAD
Terrific.

97 CONTINUED: (7) 97

ON THE STAIRS

Daryl is comfortably seated beneath the BLONDE'S arm, on the staircase. She is RAMBLING drunkenly.

BLONDE
It's always the same.

Daryl LOOKS out with her to see

BART CLEMINSKI, a 21 year old giant, holding a football under his arm. He's got an audience of admirers enthralled with his gridiron story.

BLONDE
All he cares about are the Bears, the Bengals, the Dolphins. What about the romance, the love, the sex?

DARYL
I care about those things. Deeply.

BLONDE
I'm so lonely.

DARYL
How could a righteous babe like you be lonely?

BLONDE
(touched)
That's the sweetest thing anybody's ever said to me.
(lustily)
Wanna go to bed?

Daryl's lips stick to his teeth so his smile looks quite strange. Suddenly the Blonde grabs Daryl and kisses him hard. She's smearing his face with lipstick. Daryl's eyes are BUGGED to heaven and back.

When suddenly, a GIANT SHADOW falls on Daryl's face. He FOCUSES on CLEMINSKI. His eyes BURN into Daryl's.

CLEMINSKI
You're dead.

The blonde comes up for air and a response.

BLONDE
You've been replaced! You big dumb bohunk!

97 CONTINUED: (8) 97

Cleminski MAKES a swipe for Daryl. The air WHOOSHES above Daryl's ducking head and he's hurling himself off the stairs.

DARYL
I think my Mom's calling!

BRAD, SARAH AND CHRIS

watch as Daryl RUNS up to them.

DARYL
We gotta go now, okay?!

The kids see Cleminski CHASING after Daryl. They turn and RUN for the front door.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Daryl, Brad and Sarah RUN OUT. Chris REACHES the door and is stopped by Dan, shoving money into her hand.

DAN
I could only get forty five.

CHRIS
(delighted, rushing)
That's terrific! Thanks! We gotta go!

DAN
I'm driving.

Chris looks stunned, Brad looks heartbroken and Dan hustles them all through the door and slams it before Cleminski reaches them.

97A EXT. THE FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT 97A

Dan, Chris and the kids run across the lawn, Dan leading them to his Jeep parked at the curb.

98 EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT - A FEW MINUTES LATER 98

An UNDERGROUND city street. Bordered by the CHICAGO RIVER on one side, and sooty cement walls on the other. The Drive is EERILY illuminated by ELECTRIC GREEN LIGHTS.

Dan Lynch's Jeep crests the top of the grade on its way down onto Lower Wacker Drive. The kids are inside, Dan at the wheel. Dan stops the car.

99 INT. DAN'S JEEP - NIGHT 99

The kids peer into the green gloom stretched out before them.

DARYL
This is weird.

BRAD
You should feel right at home.

100 EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT 100 *

Dan rolls the car down the hill, CAMERA TRUCKING ALONG-SIDE. Chris and the kids search the dark walls around them for any sign of Dawson's Garage.

CHRIS
Look.

THE KIDS' POV: Up ahead is a red and amber neon sign above an OPEN GARAGE DOOR. The sign reads "DAWSON'S GARAGE." Pruitt's TOW TRUCK, also with "Dawson's Garage" on its door, is parked outside.

CHRIS
(confident)
That's it.

Dan accelerates to the open garage door. There is a small door to the side of the garage door. It too is closed.

Chris gets out of the car. Dan follows her. Brad watches them jealously as he gets out with Daryl and Sarah.

(Sarah accidentally leaves her hammer in the back seat, something we do not see.)

(CONTINUED)

100 CONTINUED: 100

DARYL
(a hand on Brad)
He seems like a nice guy, don't you think?

Brad listens, barely. They walk to the side door.

101 INT. DAWSON'S GARAGE - NIGHT 101

The side door opens and Chris and the others peer into the garage.

The geasy, dusty place appears DESERTED. The walls are covered with CAR PARTS, FAN BELTS and shelved with jugs of ANTIFREEZE, TRANSMISSION FLUID and CANS OF OIL.

They kids SEE something that makes their faces LIGHT.

THE STATION WAGON.

The window is REPAIRED. A BRAND NEW TIRE on it. Chris is oddly TOUCHED by the sight of her Mother's car.

CHRIS
It's fixed.

DARYL
Where's Dawson?

CHRIS
Who knows... Everybody into the car.

The kids hurry into the garage bay toward the car.

Chris stays with Dan for a moment in the doorway.

Brad watches them over his shoulder.

CHRIS
Thanks, really.

DAN
I don't even know your name.

CHRIS
Chris Parker.

DAN
Go pay for the car. I'll wait here and make sure you get out okay. *

CHRIS
No, really, you can go. Everything's fine now. Really. *

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: 101

DAN
You're sure? *

CHRIS
(smiling) *
I'm sure.

DAN *
(returning the smile)
Okay, Chris Parker. Drive safely.

Chris nods. Dan nods, hesitates, smiles and backs away from the door.

101A EXT. DAWSON'S GARAGE ON LOWER WACKER - NIGHT 101A

Dan goes to his jeep, Chris watching him go. He hops in, smiles, waves, and pulls away.

CHRIS *
(suddenly thinking)
Wait! How do I find you to pay you back?

But Dan is long gone.

101B INT. DAWSON'S GARAGE - NIGHT 101B*

Chris turns to the kids, a wistful grin on her face.

Brad sees it. And smiles a little. Daryl watches him and nods to himself.

CHRIS
(down to business)
Okay. Where's Dawson?

Suddenly there's a GREAT BANGING AND CLANGING. The kids jump a mile. From the ceiling, where there's a huge box of heating machinery, a torrent of smoke and steam billows down.

CHRIS
Hello!

CLANGING.

BRAD
Maybe we should just go.

CHRIS
(considering it)
Hello!?

CLANGING.

DAWSON (O.S.)
(booming and echoing)
What?! (CONTINUED)

CHRIS
(looking around)
Mr. Dawson?!

Suddenly, from under the ceiling heater and out of the smoke and steam, a gigantic hydraulic lift descends.

Chris backs away.

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED: 101B

Standing on the lowering hydraulic lift is Dawson. Muscular. Long blond hair. A T-shirt and tight jeans, heavy boots. And in one hand a short, thick, battered black sledgehammer.

He glares at Chris coldly.

Sarah is completely awestruck.

SARAH
(breathless)
... Thor.

Dawson does bear an AMAZING RESEMBLANCE to Sarah's cartoon obsession.

Before Chris can STOP her, Sarah RUNS UP and HUGS Dawson's leg.

SARAH
Thor! I knew we'd find you!

DAWSON
(a weird look to the others)
Who is this kid?

Chris GRABS Sarah and LOOKS UP at Dawson.

CHRIS
You're Mr. Dawson, right?

Dawson NODS. Sarah WHISPERS to Daryl.

SARAH
Secret identity.

DAWSON
What do you want?

CHRIS
Well, Mr. Pruitt sent us. That's our car over there.

DAWSON
You owe me fifty bucks.

Chris GIVES Dawson the money. He COUNTS it. Sarah LOOKING up at him with adoring eyes.

SARAH
Have you been fighting the Forces of Darkness?

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED: (2) 101B

DAWSON
(pausing, to Chris)
What's she talking about?

BRAD
She thinks you're somebody else.

SARAH
It's him, Brad! It's really him!
(to Dawson)
Don't listen to him. He said you were a homo anyway.

DAWSON
(threatening)
Are you spreadin' rumors about me, kid?

BRAD
No... sir.

Dawson continues to COUNT THE MONEY.

DAWSON
(finishing the count)
This is only forty-five dollars. You owe me fifty.

CHRIS
We don't have it.

DAWSON
(cold)
Then you don't have the car.

Dawson GIVES Chris the money back. He TURNS to walk away.

Sarah cannot understand what's happening.

CHRIS
How could you do this to us?...
For five lousy dollars?...

Dawson gets back onto the lift, ready to start back up.

DAWSON
I'd do it for five lousy cents.
(cold)
Now get outta my place.

CHRIS
You don't understand, we've had the --

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED: (3) 101B

DAWSON
This is a garage. Not a confessional. Five dollars or get out.

The kids are STUNNED, no one more so than Sarah.

SARAH
Is Thor kicking us out?

CHRIS
Yes, Sarah.

Sarah is DESTROYED. Chris and the others TURN to leave, Daryl taking Sarah's hand. Sarah RUNS toward Dawson.

CHRIS
Sarah...

Sarah TUGS at Dawson's shirt. He TURNS and GAZES DOWN at her. Sarah LOOKS up at him, her eyes filled with TEARS. Her top lip is TREMBLING.

SARAH
I... I thought you always helped people in trouble...

DAWSON
Hey, kid... This is the city. I don't help anybody but myself.

SARAH
But...

DAWSON
(mean)
Now get lost.

Tears STREAM down Sarah's cheeks. She gets an IDEA. She removes her WINGED HELMET and RUNS toward Dawson.

SARAH
Wait!...

Dawson FUMES, angry.

SARAH
I know why you're not actin' like yourself... You don't have your special helmet...

DAWSON
(a growl)
My what?...

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED: (4) 101B

Sarah HOLDS the winged helmet up to him.

SARAH
Here, take mine.

Dawson PAUSES, he doesn't know what to make of this.

SARAH
Go on. Take it.

DAWSON
You're giving me this?... For nothing?

SARAH
Well, yeah...
(glowing love)
You're my hero.

Dawson TAKES the helmet. He is overcome with WARMTH. He STARES at the winged helmet. TOUCHED. *

Dawson PAUSES. He reaches into his pocket and REMOVES the car keys and TOSSES them to Chris. TEARS well up in his eyes.

DAWSON
Go on. Take the car.

Chris SMILES and NODS. The kids JUMP into the car.

Sarah WALKS up to Dawson. He LEANS down. She gives him a BIG HUG and a KISS.

SARAH
Thanks, Thor. I knew you wouldn't let me down.

Chris STARTS the car. Sarah HOPS in. Dawson hits the button to open the garage door.

He steps in front of the car. Chris rolls down her window.

Dawson looks at the helmet, looks at Sarah, looks at Chris. And hands the helmet in through the window to Sarah.

DAWSON
Here.

(CONTINUED)

101B CONTINUED: (5) 101B

CHRIS
(a smile, handing him the money)
Take this.

He does. The kids give him a last nod. Sarah looks gently at him as she takes her helmet back from Chris.

DAWSON
Go.

The station wagon SQUEALS OUT of the garage.

Dawson STARES after the kids. He shakes his head, his eyes filling up a little. He turns and goes back into the steam of his garage.

MINK DEVILLE'S "HEART OF THE CITY" FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK.

102 EXT. DAWSON'S GARAGE - LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT 102

The station wagon SQUEALS out of the garage and FISHTAILS up Lower Wacker Drive.

103 INT. STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT 103

Chris drives FAST. Sarah's holding her helmet, looking back toward Dawson's.

CHRIS
What time is it?

DARYL
(looking at his watch)
Eleven forty-one.

CHRIS
(excited, confident)
We can get Brenda and be home by one. We can do this.

SARAH
Man, I'm up late!

CHRIS
Now I mean it. Lay down and get some sleep.

SARAH
(putting her helmet on)
Oh, sure.

Chris FLOORS the gas.

104 EXT. LOWER WACKER DRIVE - NIGHT 104

The station wagon with the kids blasts out of Lower Wacker and rockets down the city street. PANNING with it REVEALS

DAN LYNCH sitting in his jeep, unseen by Chris and the kids. He * nods watching them drive away. He puts his jeep in gear and drives off in the opposite direction. PANNING with him REVEALS

THE LINCOLN CONTINENTAL parked nearby in shadow. Joe Gipp sits sadly behind the wheel. Bleak and Graydon are in the back seat.

BLEAK
Good work, Joe Gipp. Follow them.

Joe Gipp does as he is told.

105 EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT 105

The STATION WAGON speeds through the city streets. Half a block back the LINCOLN CONTINENTAL follows.

106 INT. THE BUS STATION - NIGHT 106

A clock on the wall is moving toward: 11:42 P.M.

Brenda STEPS OUT of the Women's restroom. Squinting, almost blind, her face is scrunched in disgust with whatever she was witness to in there.

Lost, alone, and aggravated, she makes her way through a row of chairs to find a seat.

Her foot kicks a bag. Brenda stops. She hears SNORING. Familiar snoring. She peers to look at person sleeping in the chair by the shopping bags.

It's the Bag Lady who stole her glasses. And she's still wearing them.

Brenda leans down, checks to make sure, and rips the glasses off the Bag Lady's face. The Bag Lady WAKES UP.

BAG LADY
STOP, THEIF!

Brenda's bowled backwards. Into the arms of the Janitors who caught the rat earlier.

JANITOR 1
(grabbing Brenda)
You stealing this lady's glasses?

BRENDA
No!

106 CONTINUED: 106

The Old Man who lives in the phonebooth rattles OPEN his door and LUNGES out.

OLD MAN
She stole 'em, I saw her!

BRENDA
They're my glasses!

BAG LADY
TRAMP! THIEF!

The SCARY GUY WITH THE GUN that Brenda first saw during her phone call to Chris appears.

MAN WITH GUN
What's going on?!

BRENDA
He's got a gun!

The Man with the Gun pulls his pistol and looks around, a total paranoid.

MAN WITH GUN
Who? Where?

BAG LADY
Gimme my glasses!

The Bag Lady reaches for them, Brenda ducks and wrenches herself out of the Janitor's arms. Brenda runs for the bus station doors.

BAG LADY
Stop her!

The entire crowd of Strange Types chases Brenda to the doors.

106A EXT. THE BUS STATION - NIGHT 106A

Brenda runs out of the station and hurries across the street, dodging traffic. She disappears in the shadows of an alley.

The Strange Types run out the doors, reach the curb and look around. They lost her.

MAN WITH GUN
Want me to hunt her down and maim her in some way?

BAG LADY
Naw. I don't need glasses anyway.

107 INT. THE STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - NIGHT 107

Sarah stares out the side window as they round a corner. Sarah sees

A HUGE TOY STORE on the corner of the block sliding out of view. The colorful windows are stacked with TOYS.

SARAH
(seeing treasure)
Look at that!

Brad LOOKS at Sarah, sees the toy store and smiles to himself.

107A EXT. THE TRAFFIC LIGHT ABOVE THE STREET - NIGHT 107A *

The light changes from yellow to red.

107B INT. THE STATION WAGON - TRAVELING - NIGHT 107B *

Chris speeds the car down the street only to skid to a stop at the light.

CHRIS
Great.

She looks left and her face PAINS.

CHRIS
... Ah.

Brad and Daryl look with her. Sarah's at the other window still looking at the toy store across and down the street.

CHRIS'S POV: La Ciel Blue. An elegant, FRENCH RESTAURANT. The parking lot is CROWDED with expensive cars.

BRAD
What are we looking at?

CHRIS
Mike and I were supposed to go there tonight.

DARYL
Looks like he went without you.

Chris looks at Daryl. Daryl POINTS.

DARYL
Check it out.

THE KIDS' POV: In the restaurant's parking lot there's a RED FIREBIRD. The firebird's license plate reads: SO COOL. *

108 INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT 108

Chris SEES the car. Her face goes WHITE.

BRAD
What's wrong?

CHRIS
(anger building)
... everything.

109 INT. LE CIEL BLEU - NIGHT 109

The height of Chicago ELEGANCE. ROMANTICALLY decorated. Dimly LIT. Well-dressed PATRONS are SERVED by WAITERS in BLACK TIE.

The MAITRE D' looks up from his reservation book to see Chris and the kids, looking extremely WORN and RAGGED, entering.

MAITRE D'
May I help you?

Chris searches the restaurant behind him for a sign of Mike.

CHRIS
(don't mess with me)
Just looking for someone, thanks.

The Maitre D' goes back to his reservations keeping one eye on the kids.

Chris scans the tables.

CHRIS'S POV: A lot of wealthy faces being stuffed with a lot of unpronounceable dishes. Suddenly there's Mike. He's quite dashing in his sport coat and tie. He sits in a booth with SESAME PLEXAR, a trashy, dazzling blonde beauty in a skin-tight white dress. Their dinners have just arrived as they TOAST with glasses of champagne.

Chris is rocked back on her heels. Brad and Daryl see Mike. Sarah's attentions are divided between Chris and the toy store outside the door and down the block.

CHRIS
He's with Sesame Plexar. What a sleaze.

Sarah snares a chocolate pastry from a nearby cart and eats it. It's instantly a mess in her fingers.

SARAH
Sesame? Like 'Sesame Street'?

(CONTINUED)

109 CONTINUED: 109

BRAD
Like 'open' I'd imagine.
(as Sarah looks confused)
You wouldn't understand.

DARYL
Wow. He dumps you for an easy piece and you get a night of hell. Doesn't seem fair to me.

BRAD
Me? I'd kill him.

CHRIS
I don't have time.

Daryl assaults his watch. Brad watches him digit back the time from 11:57 back to 11:42. Daryl shoves the watch under Chris's nose.

DARYL
You got time. Besides, this whole night was his fault.

CHRIS
(steaming)
You bet it was.
(whirling on Brad)
You stay here. Watch Sarah. I'll be right back.

Chris hurries off into the restaurant.

BRAD
I wanna see this.

109A EXT. LA CIEL BLUE - NIGHT 109A

The Lincoln is PARKED at the curb across the street. Bleak, Graydon, and Joe Gipp watch the front door.

GRAYDON
What are they doing?

BLEAK
Be patient.

Joe Gipp is sweating.

109B INT. LA CIEL BLUE - NIGHT 109B

AT MIKE AND SESAME'S TABLE

Mike CUDDLES beside Sesame in the booth.

(CONTINUED)

109B CONTINUED 109B

MIKE
You know, girls like you come along once in a lifetime.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Or twice in the same night.

Mike FREEZES. He LOOKS UP and SEES Chris standing over his table.

CHRIS
How's your sister? All better? *

MIKE
Uh-- *

CHRIS
You lied.

MIKE
No, I didn't--

CHRIS
DON'T LIE!

Mike STANDS. The place FALLS silent.

MIKE
Get a grip, Jesus.

CHRIS
A grip?! DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH TONIGHT?!

Nobody moves.

CHRIS
I thought... I thought you loved me. Was all that... what you said, all that was bullshit, right?!

MIKE
(angry, grabbing Chris' arm)
Listen, little girl, I don't know what you thought we had... but it wasn't half as fucking serious as you'd like to think it was.

Suddenly Brad and Daryl are there. And Brad's very SERIOUS.

BRAD
Let her go.

MIKE
(noting Brad)
Picking them kinda young, aren't you?

(CONTINUED)

109B CONTINUED: (2) 109B

CHRIS
This kid's got more class at fourteen than you'll ever have.

MIKE
(smirks, to Brad)
Don't waste your time. Her legs are locked together at the knees.

Brad KICKS Mike in the groin. Sesame SCREAMS. Mike DOUBLES over in agony.

BRAD
Yours should be, dickhead.

DARYL
And by the way... you got an ugly car. This is for last summer.

Daryl PUNTS Mike in the ass. Mike FLOPS onto the table. HUMILIATED. Sesame's SHOCKED.

Chris LOOKS down at Mike, who's attempting to sit up.

CHRIS
See you around, Mike. Life's too short to waste on losers like you.

The kids turn and walk to the door. The patrons APPLAUD.

110 EXT. LE CIEL BLEU - NIGHT 110

Chris and the kids step out, exchanging a HIGH-FIVE hand slap. The station wagon is parked at the curb.

DARYL
We were excellent!

BRAD
We were, weren't we?

CHRIS
We certainly were!

Suddenly Chris FREEZES, looking around. A feeling of DREAD covering her face.

CHRIS
Where's Sarah?!

111 EXT. THE TOY STORE - A BLOCK AWAY, AROUND THE CORNER - NIGHT 111

Sarah's reflection MOVES ACROSS THE WINDOW as she looks at the toys.

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED: 111

She's in HEAVEN. She's almost demolished the stolen pastry. It's all over her hands and mouth.

TWO MORE REFLECTIONS move into view behind Sarah. BLEAK AND GRAYDON.

Sarah TURNS slowly to see them. Bleak's face WARPS into a deadly smile.

BLEAK
You like toys?

Graydon SNAPS forward to grab Sarah's backpack. She MOVES LIKE LIGHTNING, racing off on her skates.

Bleak and Graydon RUN to their parked Lincoln. JOE GIPP is still behind the wheel.

112 INT. LINCOLN 112

Bleak SLAPS Joe Gipp's shoulder, pointing to Sarah.

BLEAK
Get her.

Joe Gipp FLOORS the gas, CHASING Sarah.

113 EXT. THE CITY STREET - NIGHT 113

Sarah skates, moving like WILDFIRE.

The Lincoln Continental speeds up BEHIND her. Getting CLOSER. Sarah suddenly cuts left down an alley.

114 EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT 114

Sarah's eyes are WATERING with the wind. Suddenly, those eyes WIDEN. She SEES something ahead.

SARAH
Mom, Dad!

114A SARAH'S POV: It's the ASSOCIATES' BUILDING, framed between the alleyway's dirty walls. The Andersons are there at their party. 114A

Sarah skates even FASTER. TOWARD the building.

The Lincoln Continental swings around the corner after Sarah.

115 EXT. THE TOY STORE - NIGHT 115

Chris, Brad and Daryl ARRIVE. NO SIGN of Sarah.

BRAD
I thought she'd be here! She -- !

The echo of a SCREECHING CAR. The kids RUN toward the sound.

116 EXT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 116

Seen through the glass a WORKMAN punches an electric floor polisher across the tile in the lobby.

All the elevators except for one are roped off and dark.

Sarah comes skating down the street toward the building's revolving doors.

The Lincoln Continental races beside her in the street. The car VEERS UP onto the sidewalk and screeches to a STOP. Bleak and Graydon leap out, following Sarah who's diving into the revolving door of the building.

Graydon reaches out and grabs her cape but Sarah's momentum jams Graydon's arm in the door. Sarah's trapped between the glass. Graydon is outside, screaming, his arm pinned. Bleak shoves on the door causing Graydon to scream louder.

117 INT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 117

The Workman is dumbstruck watching this event at the revolving door. He snaps to, leaving his floor polisher on and runs to the revolving door.

Just as Sarah gives a mighty shove.

And Graydon rips the cape from her shoulders and falls backwards out to the sidewalk.

118 EXT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 118

Graydon hits the ground, the cape flying toward the gutter. Bleak shoulders into the revolving door but

119 INT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING LOBBY - NIGHT 119

Sarah is already exploding from the revolving door and skates careening past the Workman.

WORKMAN
Hey, kid!

She leaps into the only working elevator as

(CONTINUED)

119 CONTINUED: 119

Bleak and Graydon blast through the revolving door running for the elevator.

120 INT. THE ELEVATOR - IN THE LOBBY - NIGHT 120

Sarah's POUNDING fingers smear chocolate ACROSS TWO BUTTONS just below the "Penthouse" button. The doors will not close.

120A INT. THE LOBBY - NIGHT 120A

The Workman intercepts Bleak and Graydon.

WORKMAN
What's going on?!

And Bleak puts him down with a SMASHING RIGHT.

120B INT. THE ELEVATOR - THE LOBBY - NIGHT 120B

And the elevator doors FINALLY CLOSE just as Bleak and Graydon reach them. *Sarah can hear Bleak shout from behind the doors.* His voice drops in volume as she rises up.

BLEAK (O.S.)
Sonofabitch!

121 EXT. THE ALLEY - NIGHT 121

Chris, Brad, and Daryl RUN through the alleyway, searching.

122 INT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING - UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 122

It's dark and gloomy. Conduit and just-plastered walls. Carpet backing on the floor, but no carpet yet. The elevator doors open and Sarah SKATES out.

SARAH
Daddy! Help! Perverts!

No answer. Sarah's in the wrong place. She TURNS BACK to the elevator doors. But they've CLOSED. The elevator DESCENDS.

Sarah looks around her and sees a sign above a door marked "Stairs." She rushes to it and tries to open it. The door is locked. She's trapped.

123 INT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT 123

Bleak and Graydon IMPATIENTLY wait for the elevator. It finally ARRIVES. They HURRY inside.

124 INT. THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 124

Bleak and Graydon study the panel of buttons. Two are SMEARED with chocolate. Bleak hits both buttons.

BLEAK
I'll take this floor. You take the one above.

125 INT. A CORRIDOR - ANDERSON'S PARTY - NIGHT 125

Well lit. The sound of party is heard and the tinkling of a cocktail piano and a lounge singer. The elevator doors slide open and Bleak steps out cautiously.

Graydon hits the button inside and the doors close. Bleak is alone.

Bleak passes a coat check room. There is no attendant, just coats.

He moves down the narrow corridor and turns the corner into THE ANDERSONS' PARTY.

Bleak glares at the elegant people crowding the room ahead of him. Several people are turned away from the sloping glass windows, watching the singing PIANO PLAYER. Others mingle in groups. A bar rests against a far wall.

Bleak's eyes flick through the room searching for Sarah.

Suddenly, a jovial, tuxedoed DRUNKEN MAN appears from out of the coat check room and puts his arm around Bleak.

DRUNK
I hate to see people alone at a party... Gets me depressed. C'mon ... I'll introduce you to some of my friends...

The Drunk pulls Bleak OFF SCREEN.

126 INT. CORRIDOR - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 126

The gloom is lit by the elevator as the doors slide open. Graydon steps silently out and moves into the darkness searching for Sarah.

127 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 127

One wall is made up entirely of sloping glass. The city glitters below. Piled against the walls is a large amount of construction equipment; bags of plaster, spools of wire, coils of cable and rope, and Sarah.

(CONTINUED)

127 CONTINUED: 127

She's hunkered down in the shadows behind three dusty bags of cement.

A breeze wafts a cloud of dust off one bag and into her face. She squints and suppresses a sneeze. She looks to the glass wall.

There's a large rectangle of open space in the glass. A window is missing. A sheet of opaque plastic covers the hole but the wind riffles it. The faint sounds of the city are carried in here on the wind.

Another SOUND. Sarah looks to the closed door across the room.

The wedge of light under the door is eclipsed by a very slowly-moving shadow.

Sarah swallows in fear. She pushes back against the wall and makes herself smaller. One hand falls on a huge coil of rope. The small of her back rests against a large elbow-jointed pipe running up from the floor and into the wall.

Sarah looks at the open window. Then back to the door. Then to the rope.

128 INT. HALLWAY - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 128

Graydon stands in the hall, his back to the door. He turns to the door and opens it slowly. A breeze hits him in the face.

129 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 129

Graydon enters slowly, his eyes searching the shadows. He moves to the wall and looks down behind the bags of cement.

GRAYDON'S POV: A rope knotted childishly, but securely around the pipe in the floor. The rope runs up behind the construction equipment, stretched taut, and disappears out the open window. It can be seen running down the glass outside.

GRAYDON
... Jesus Christ.

Graydon runs to the open glass and looks down.

130 OMITTED 130

131 EXT. THE GLASS SLOPE FROM UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 131

(INTROVISION) GRAYDONS'S POV: There is Sarah, a floor below, inching down the rope seventy stories above the street. Sarah, on the glass, looks up to Graydon.

131A (INTROVISION) SARAH'S POV: Graydon leans out the window looking at her. 131A

132 EXT. THE ASSOCIATES BUILDING STREET - NIGHT 132

Brad is standing stock-still, staring at the ground. Chris and Daryl are in the b.g., still looking in various directions down the street.

CHRIS
Sarah?!

BRAD
CHRIS!

Brad points to the ground. Chris and Daryl run to him, looking down.

THE KIDS' POV: There's Sarah's cape, ten feet away, lying on the sidewalk by the revolving doors.

Inside the lobby is the unconscious Workman and his floor polisher moving eerily across the floor.

Parked at the curb is an empty LINCOLN CONTINENTAL.

BRAD
Sarah's in trouble.

Chris, Brad and Daryl run into the lobby.

133 EXT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 133

Graydon pulls on the rope, dragging Sarah up the glass.

133A EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 133A

Sarah keeps climbing down, two feet for every foot she's hauled up. Her Playboy and skate-loaded backpack bobs heavily on her back.

133B INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 133B

Graydon keeps yanking the rope up.

133C EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (SET) 133C

Sarah's tennis shoes SQUEAK against the glass.

134 INT. THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 134

Chris, Brad and Daryl have punched one button. The other chocolate-smeared button above it is unpressed.

CHRIS
We'll try this floor first.

135 EXT. AT THE OPEN WINDOW - NIGHT (SET) 135

Graydon hangs halfway out the window, pulling the rope.

135A EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (SET) 135A

Sarah is RUNNING OUT OF ROPE. So... SHE LETS GO.

135B EXT. AT THE OPEN WINDOW - NIGHT (SET) 135B

And Graydon falls backward into the room.

136 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 136

Graydon hits the floor and quickly scrambles up to look out the window.

136A EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 136A

Sarah slides out of frame down the glass.

Sarah slides into frame and stops on the glass, her fingers digging into the thin windowsills.

136B EXT. AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT (SET) 136B

Graydon looks out the window.

136C GRAYDON'S POV: (INTROVISION) Closer shot of Sarah on the glass. The rope is above her, out of reach.

136D EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 136D

Sarah looks nervously down.

(SET) Sarah's reaction. It's a long, long drop.

136E EXT. AT THE WINDOW - NIGHT (SET) 136E

Graydon nervously inches out the window, clinging to the rope, and begins his descent toward Sarah.

136F EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 136F

Sarah inches faster sideways away from the rope snaking above her. Graydon enters the frame from above, coming down the rope.

137 EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (SET) 137

Sarah looks up to see:

137A SARAH'S POV: (INTROVISION) Graydon coming down the rope toward her. 137A

(SET) Sarah looks down.

137B SARAH'S POV: (INTROVISION) The street below. 137B

(SET) Sarah closes her eyes in fear.

SARAH
(a plea)
Powers of darkness beware, The forces of light are here.

The wind takes the whispered words and hurls them to the night. Sarah presses on.

138 INT. CORRIDOR - THE ANDERSONS' PARTY - NIGHT 138

The kids RUSH out of the elevator, RUN down the corridor, and STOP a few feet outside of the party.

CHRIS
(horrible realization)
We're at your parents' party.

DARYL
(very scared)
Oh, God.

Chris PANICS and THROWS the boys and herself into the coat room near the party's entrance.

139 INT. THE COAT ROOM - NIGHT 139

Chris shoves the boys back into the coats, HIDING them.

BRAD
Maybe we should just give up.

DARYL
No way, uh-huh!

CHRIS
Not without Sarah. Stay here. I'll get her back.

BRAD
Then let's give up.

(CONTINUED)

139 CONTINUED 139

DARYL
Then let's get the hell outta here. We've come too far to get ourselves killed by our parents.

BRAD
(a quick think, a new point of view)
You're right. Get her, Chris.

CHRIS
Stay here.

Chris bolts outta there LEAVING Brad and Daryl hiding between the coats.

140 OMIT 140

141 INT. THE ANDERSON'S PARTY - NIGHT 141

Chris slinks down the corridor TOWARD the party. She scans the guests from BEHIND a large plant.

CHRIS' P.O.V.: The party guests. NO SIGN of Sarah or the Anderson's.

Chris comes around the plant and ventures into the party, KEEPING LOW and hugging the wall behind the BUFFET TABLE.

141A INT. CORRIDOR - THE ANDERSON'S PARTY - NIGHT 141A

The Men's restroom door opens and MR. ANDERSON steps out, whistling, in a good mood. He walks quickly to the COAT CHECK ROOM.

141B INT. THE COAT CHECK ROOM - NIGHT 141B

Brad and Daryl's eyes go WIDE. From behind the coats they see

Mr. Anderson ENTERING. He looks for he and his wife's coats, SLIDING BACK hangers and other coats.

Brad and Daryl exchange a look. Daryl brings a finger to his lips PLEADING with Brad to stay quiet.

Brad nods. *

Mr. Anderson finds the coats, takes them from the hangers, and exits the room, still whistling.

Brad and Daryl are sweating, breathing hard in fear.

141C INT. THE ANDERSONS' PARTY - NIGHT 141C

Chris MOVES ON HER HANDS AND KNEES BEHIND the bar. There is no bartender. She can SEE the bank of sloping windows from her position on the floor.

NOTHING but the night out there beyond the glass.

She PEERS out around the bar to see the party. No Sarah.

CHRIS
(scared)
Sarah?

BLEAK (O.S.)
Looking for something?

Chris swallows. She looks up. Bleak stands behind the bar, staring sinisterly down at her.

That's when Mrs. Anderson STEPS UP to the bar with Mr. Anderson. Their coats over their arms. They cannot see Chris behind the bar.

MR. ANDERSON
(a gentle reprimand)
You told Chris one o'clock.

Bleak stares up at the Andersons.

Chris reacts, cringes lower, and stares at Bleak's shoelaces. She gets an idea.

MRS. ANDERSON
We'll make it.
(to Bleak)
Excuse me.

BLEAK
What?

MRS. ANDERSON
Champagne?

Chris is just finishing tying Bleak's shoelaces together.

Chris looks to the glass windows and SEES --

CHRIS' POV: SARAH is inching her way across the glass, in full view of the party. If any of the guests turn to the window, they'll SEE her.

142 EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 142

Sarah inches her way across the glass, only a few feet onto the glass fronting the Andersons' party.

(CONTINUED)

142 CONTINUED: 142

Several feet above Sarah, Graydon CLIMBS DOWN the rope, toward her.

143 INT. THE ANDERSONS' PARTY - NIGHT 143

From behind the bar Chris stares at the window.

CHRIS' POV: Sarah is almost crying. She looks ABOVE HER to something we cannot see.

Chris, in one clear moment, puts it together. She glances up to the ceiling and understands that Sarah must have gone out outside from the floor above.

MR. ANDERSON
(to Bleak, sensing something)
Are you okay?

Behind the bar Chris is turning fast, URGENT PANIC in her eyes, and crawling out and moving at the speed of light for the back side of the buffet table.

AT THE BUFFET TABLE

Chris runs past behind the table and SLIPS BEHIND the foliage and HURRIES around the corner out of the party.

AT THE BAR

BLEAK
(sensing Chris' exit)
You'll excuse me. I have to get another bottle.

Bleak turns to go.

And his tied together laces send him falling to the floor.

144 INT. THE COAT CHECK ROOM - NIGHT 144

Chris RUSHES in.

CHRIS
Brad!

Brad and Daryl fly out of the coats.

BRAD
What?!

(CONTINUED)

144 CONTINUED: 144

CHRIS
(dragging the boys out)
She's out -- the window! Outside!

144A INT. CORRIDOR - THE ANDERSON PARTY - NIGHT 144A

The kids RACE down the hall and hit the elevator button. The doors open instantly, the kids jump in. Chris hits the button.

BRAD
What?!

CHRIS
(as the doors close)
She went upstairs, upstairs and out!

145 EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 145

Sarah CLINGS to the glass for dear life, looking at the various party guests inside.

Graydon has left the rope and is now inching down the glass only a few feet above Sarah.

146 INT. CORRIDOR - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 146

The elevator doors open and Chris, Brad and Daryl run down the corridor toward the unfinished room.

147 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 147

The kids run inside and see the line of ROPE leading out of the window. They run toward the open window and LOOK OUT.

148 EXT. ON THE GLASS - KIDS' POV - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 148

Graydon drops down beside Sarah on the window, the rope SWINGS FREE above him.

Sarah turns to see him. Graydon reaches out to GRAB her.

Suddenly, the ROPE extends into frame. Beside Sarah.

A VOICE screams from above.

CHRIS (O.S.)
Sarah! Grab the rope!

Sarah looks up and sees the kids above. Sarah quickly GRABS the rope, looping it around her waist.

149 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 149

The kids PULL the rope with all their might.

150 INT. THE ANDERSONS' PARTY - NIGHT 150

The Andersons kneel beside Bleak behind the bar. Their backs are to the window. Bleak faces it, trying to untangle his shoes. He looks at the glass. His eyes go wide looking over the Andersons' shoulder to the windows.

BLEAK'S POV: Sarah on the glass. Suddenly she's airborne rising up into the air on the rope.

Mrs. Anderson begins to TURN toward the window.

151 EXT. ON THE GLASS - NIGHT (INTROVISION) 151

Sarah flies upward, moments before Graydon can GRAB her.

152 INT. THE ANDERSON PARTY - NIGHT 152

The Andersons turn, FACING the window. Sarah is GONE. Graydon is NOT SEEN as he's still beyond the windows fronting the party.

Bleak stares at the windows, a little catatonic. He makes a sound that could be a sob or a slightly mad laugh.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson glance at each other: this guy is sick.

153 INT. ROOM - THE UNFINISHED PENTHOUSE - NIGHT 153

The kids pull Sarah into the room, to SAFETY.

The kinds EMBRACE. HOLDING each other. Sarah looks up at Chris.

SARAH
Chris, can we go home now?

JOE GIPP
Not yet.

The kids turn, seeing Joe Gipp standing in the room. The kids FREEZE. Joe Gipp holds out his hand.

JOE GIPP
(kind)
Look, I'm not gonna hurt you...
I just want the Playboy.

CHRIS
What?

(CONTINUED)

153 CONTINUED 153

JOE GIPP
You stole the Playboy from the office.

DARYL
You guys too cheap to buy another one?!

Daryl removes the Playboy from Sarah's backpack and gives it to Joe Gipp, who opens the magazine to the centerfold and shows it to the kids. Chris covers Sarah's eyes.

JOE GIPP
This is what they're after. Just some notes. Stuff we need.

Joe Gipp looks at the centerfold and looks at Chris. His eyes go wide.

JOE GIPP
Wow...

CHRIS
Don't say it.

DARYL
Pretty uncanny, eh?

JOE GIPP
Fuckin' supernatural.

CHRIS
(changes the subject, motions down to Graydon)
What about him?

JOE GIPP
(smiles)
Leave 'em hanging for a while. Let him sweat it out. Let's get you outta here. *

The kids exchange a smile with Joe Gipp and RUN out of the room.

153A INT. THE ELEVATOR - NIGHT 153A*

Chris and the kids stand with Joe Gipp as the elevator descends.

JOE GIPP
You were right. Babysitting <u>is</u> dangerous.

The kids exchange a laugh with Joe Gipp, who gives a tough, impressed look to Chris.

153B INT. THE ANDERSONS' PARTY - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 153B*

Bleak's hand RAMS the elevator's call button. Instantly the doors slide open.

Chris and the kids are in the elevator, Joe Gipp beside them.

Bleak's murderous eyes flash as starts to lunge for the kids.

MR. ANDERSON (O.S.)
Hold the elevator please?

Bleak looks to see Mr. and Mrs. Anderson in their coats walking fast toward the elevator. They cannot see the kids inside. Yet.

In the elevator the kids blanch hearing Mr. Anderson, Joe Gipp is frozen.

BRAD
That's my parents.

DARYL
We're dead.

And so Joe Gipp punches Bleak square in the face.

The Andersons see only his black fist sending Bleak crashing into the wall behind him and then elevator doors close. The Andersons stand dumbstruck as a wild CHEER erupts from the elevator moving far below them...

WARREN ZEVON'S "LAWYERS, GUNS AND MONEY" FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK.

154 EXT. A CITY STREET - NIGHT 154

Chris's station wagon TEARS past the CAMERA heading for the bus station.

155 OMITTED 155

156 EXT. THE BUS STATION - NIGHT 156

The station wagon with Chris and the kids SQUEALS to a stop in front of the bus station. The kids look toward the doors.

Across the street, hiding behind a trash can, Brenda sees the car and runs for it.

Brenda bangs on Chris's window.

CHRIS
(startled)
Jesus!

Brenda runs around to the passenger side and jumps in.

BRENDA
(sobbing)
My, God! You'll never believe what happened to me tonight!

The kids stare at her.

Brenda's in tears. And Chris starts LAUGHING. It's a nervous release that catches Sarah, and she starts GIGGLING. Brad and Daryl get the itch and within five seconds the kids are HOWLING WITH LAUGHTER.

157 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 157

The Station Wagon SPEEDS away from the dazzling Chicago skyline. Headed for the SUBURBS.

158 INT. THE STATION WAGON - THE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 158

Chris DRIVES. Brad is BESIDE her. Daryl and Sarah are in the BACK SEAT. Brenda SNOOZES against the window. Suddenly, Sarah realizes something and PANICS.

SARAH
My hammer!
(scrambling around the back of the car)
It's not here!

(CONTINUED)

158 CONTINUED: 158

CHRIS
You probably left it someplace.

SARAH
(really upset)
We gotta go back and find it.

CHRIS
Sarah, honey. We can't.

SARAH
I lost my hammer. *

BRAD
(comforting)
Yeah... But you met Thor.

SARAH
(cheered up) *
Yeah. I did. *

CHRIS
Daryl, what time is it?

DARYL
(looking at his
incorrect watch)
A little after one, I think.

CHRIS
(stepping on the gas)
We still have a chance.

159 INT. THE ANDERSONS' CAR - THE EXPRESSWAY - TRAVELING - NIGHT 159

Mr. Anderson drives. Mrs. Anderson beside him. Suddenly a station wagon packed with kids FLASHES past them in the next lane. It's too dark to see any faces.

MRS. ANDERSON
It scares me to think Brad and
Sarah are gonna be driving someday
with people like that on the road.

MR. ANDERSON *
Me, too. *

160 EXT. THE EXPRESSWAY - NIGHT 160

And the station wagon RIPS down the road toward the glow of the distant suburbs.

161 INT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT 161

The front BLASTS OPENS and Chris, Brenda, and kids rush in like invading troops. Chris BARKS orders like Patton.

CHRIS
Brad! Daryl! Sarah! Upstairs! Now! Brenda! Go home!

BRENDA
But...

Chris shoves her back out the door.

CHRIS
Go home! I'll talk to you tomorrow, please, Brenda.

BRENDA
(still after an answer)
What happened to you tonight?

CHRIS
Later!

Brenda's HURLED out the door. Chris SLAMS it.

CHRIS
(shoving the kids upstairs)
Everybody into pajamas!

DARYL
I don't have any here.

CHRIS
I don't care! Upstairs, GO!

The kids FLY up the stairs. Chris TEARS into the kitchen.

162 THE KITCHEN 162

is a macaroni wreck. Chris SKIDS in and scoops up every free dish, and BOMBS them into the sink. She RAMS on the water, and grabs a sponge. She's wild with cleaning.

163 EXT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT 163

The Anderson's car pulls into the drive, past Chris's car.

164 INT. THE KITCHEN - NIGHT 164

Chris continues to frantically clean the kitchen. She is almost finished when she drops a plastic bottle of Fantastik to the floor. The liquid sprays over the entire floor.

165 EXT. ANDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT 165

The garage door opens. The Anderson car pulls inside.

166 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 166

Chris hears the garage door and finishes cleaning the floor.

167 INT. GARAGE - NIGHT 167

The Andersons get out of the car, and walk to the kitchen door.

168 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 168

The kitchen is spotless, immaculate, shimmering in its spic, span, and scrubbed glory. Chris throws the sponge into the sink and RUNS into:

169 INT. THE LIVING ROOM 169

where she TURNS ON the TV, and DIVES through the air to the couch --

170 INT. THE KITCHEN 170

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson enter.

171 INT. THE LIVING ROOM 171

Chris WHAMS open a magazine and buries her nose.

The Andersons step around the corner from the kitchen.

MRS. ANDERSON
Sorry we're late. *

CHRIS
(strange smile)
No problem. *

(CONTINUED)

171 CONTINUED: 171

MRS. ANDERSON
Any excitement?

CHRIS
Not really. Brad stayed home, *
Daryl slept over here.

MRS. ANDERSON
Oh, honey, what a nightmare for you.

Chris grins a little.

172 INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 172

The room is dark. Brad and Daryl are bundled up under blankets on the floor watching the small TV putting out "The Creeping Terror." The door opens and Chris enters quickly, looking over * her shoulder.

BRAD
(furtive whisper) *
What happened?

CHRIS
(also whispering) *
Everything's cool.

Sarah, wearing her nightgown, slips in the door behind Chris.

SARAH
(whispering too)
Can we do this again next Friday? *

CHRIS
Forget it, Sarah, I'm retired.

SARAH
No, please. You gotta sit for me again.

CHRIS
(gently)
We'll see.

BRAD
Chris?

CHRIS
Yeah?

172 CONTINUED: 172

BRAD
I know seniors don't hang out with fourteen-year-olds, so if I say 'hi' or something in the school hall, and you ignore me like usual, well, that's okay, okay?

CHRIS
(a pause, tender)
I don't ignore friends, Brad.

They smile together.

DARYL
Well, I just wanna say thanks for giving me what was probably the greatest night of my life... so far.

SARAH
Me, too.

BRAD
Me, too.

CHRIS
(sincere)
Yeah... Me, too.

173 EXT. THE ANDERSON HOUSE - NIGHT 173

Chris steps out the door, waving goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Anderson. The door closes and she starts down the walk.

She reaches for keys in her purse and comes up with the college applications. *

She pulls them out and looks at them. She smiles. And puts them in her pocket. * *

Headlights wash across Chris's face. And a JEEP slows to a stop in the street. Chris looks at the driver, rising out of the car. It's DAN LYNCH.

DAN
Hi.

CHRIS
(dumbstruck)
Hi... How did you...?

Dan smiles, walking to the FRONT of the car. He is carrying Sarah's hammer. The ADDRESS LABEL is prominent.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: 173

DAN
(handing the hammer to Chris)
I thought the little girl might be missing this. She left it in the back seat.

CHRIS
I can't believe you came all the way out here to return this.

DAN
Actually...

CHRIS
You came for the money.

DAN
No. I'm looking for a babysitter.

CHRIS
Sorry. Tonight may have been my last gig. *

DAN
Really?... That's too bad.

CHRIS
Who's the babysitter for?

DAN
Me.

CHRIS
Oh. *
(a pause, a smile) *
Maybe retirement can wait. *

They exchange a smile. Their eyes meet. Dan moves a little closer. Hesitation. *

KIDS (O.S.)
Kiss him!

Chris and Dan LOOK to the upper window of the Anderson house.

Brad, Daryl and Sarah HANG out the window. WATCHING. LAUGHING.

Chris and Dan LAUGH. They TURN to each other. And they kiss.

(CONTINUED)

173 CONTINUED: (2) 173

CAMERA PULLS BACK. Brad gently *TURNS* Daryl and Sarah from the window. He slowly closes the window and draws the curtain.

The Anderson house sits SURROUNDED by the other homes in the Suburban neighborhood. The lights in the Anderson house GO OUT. ONE by ONE.

Chris and Dan hold each other, standing under the STREETLAMP.

"THE BABYSITTING BLUES" FILLS THE SOUNDTRACK.

FADE OUT.

MUSIC PLAYS OVER END CREDITS.

THE END